923.175923
Wk/War/War
23586

NOT TO BE ISSUED
OUT OF THE LIBRARY.

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
Royal Asiatic Society.
CLASS

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 March, 2016

THE

EARLY DAYS AND REMEMBRANCES

OF

OCEOLA NIKKANOCHEE,

PRINCE OF ECONCHATTI.

London—Printed by A. Drew, 17, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn.

XX.C.24.3

NIKKANOCHEE, PRINCE OF ECONCHATTI.

A young Seminole Indian.

SON OF ECONCHATTI-MICO, KING OF THE RED HILLS.

Published by Hatchard & Son, Piccadilly.

A NARRATIVE

OF THE

EARLY DAYS AND REMEMBRANCES

OF

OCEOLA NIKKANOCHEE,

PRINCE OF ECONCHATTI,

A YOUNG SEMINOLE INDIAN; SON OF ECONCHATTI-MICO, KING OF THE RED HILLS, IN FLORIDA;

WITH

23596

A BRIEF HISTORY OF HIS NATION, AND HIS RENOWNED UNCLE, OCEOLA, AND HIS PARENTS:

AND

AMUSING TALES, ILLUSTRATIVE OF INDIAN LIFE IN FLORIDA.

"This child, who parentless, is therefore mine."

BYRON.

WRITTEN BY HIS GUARDIAN.

LONDON:

HATCHARD AND SON, PICCADILLY,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN LONDON.

1841.

NIK/NAV/NAV
23586

TO THE

HONOURABLE THE COMMITTEE

OF THE

Aborigines' Protection Society.

GENTLEMEN,

THE benevolent designs of your Society in behalf of the untaught children of the wilderness, are in themselves sufficient to insure some attention to this Book, more particularly when I assert that it has been written exclusively for the benefit of one who claims a high rank among his people, and who is in every way deserving the kind attention he daily experiences from the most distinguished characters of this country.

As a production, I hesitate to submit it to the perusal of gentlemen as famous for their literary attainments as for their philanthropy; but as a work penned for the motive already specified, as well as of bringing this high-born Child of Nature into the notice of that grade of society to which he undoubtedly belongs by birth and parentage, I fearlessly venture to dedicate to you my very humble effort.

With a high sense of admiration for your noble exertions to relieve the sufferings, and at the same time to enlighten the minds, of the Aborigines of all nations, and with an earnest prayer to the great Giver of life and reason that he may be pleased to crown your undertakings with success,

I have the honour to be,

GENTLEMEN,

With much respect,

Your devoted Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

In compiling the following Narrative, I had no intention of bringing it before the public,—my object was to record all the events relating to the life and capture of my *protegée* with which I was acquainted; as much as I could obtain from himself, and from the report of the soldiers by whom he was taken; in order, that in the event of my death, the manuscript might inform him of his origin and history, and at the same time remind him of one who loved him with the fondness of a father. In compliance, however, with the urgent requests of many who take a warm interest in behalf of this young nobleman—for such he may in truth be called—and whose opinions and wishes I am bound to treat with respect, I am induced to publish it.

To write the Biography of one in years, as dictated by himself, whose memory is rife with all the incidents of his existence since the first dawnings of memory — and of one who probably possesses the advantages of education; or the life of some eminent character, whose history may be gleaned, in a great measure, from publications, which have ever elucidated the most trifling act or circumstance connected with his private or public career—thus leaving the Historian little more than the trouble of compiling what is already known to the greater proportion of an intelligent community, may not be tasks of difficulty; but, to undertake the narration of events of one, not more than nine or ten years old; the most romantic and interesting of which have happened previous to the tender age of six or seven, and one who has, until that early time of his life, passed his days in a vast wilderness—whose intellects have scarcely been allowed to expand beyond the pale of instinct peculiar to all creatures in savage life—is an undertaking fraught with embarrassment: yet, in this I am sustained by the purity and innocence

of my young *protegée;* whose regard for truth is as remarkable as his brilliancy of conception, and clearness of expression.

More than three years have elapsed since Almighty Providence first consigned this interesting Orphan to my protection, and amply do I think myself rewarded for any attention and kindness my humble means have enabled me to bestow upon him, in the solace of having wrested one so amiable and helpless from ignorance, famine, toil, and wretchedness—to become, I trust, in future years, an ornament to civilized society, and a useful member in the community of intellectual life.

It is not, however, without some diffidence that I submit my humble production to the ordeal of the press. Yet it would ill become me to shrink from my duty to the child of my adoption, and withhold what I hope and trust may be for his benefit, from a dread of displeasing the refined judgment of the critic, or of incurring the censures of the enemies of benevolence. I am not without the hope, also, that this little book may assist in exciting the attention of Englishmen to

the sufferings of a most interesting part of the human family, hitherto strangely overlooked; and that the Boy himself may eventually become the instrument of diffusing Christianity and peace among the remnants of his race, *the only means* of saving the RED MAN from utter extinction.

THE AUTHOR.

GROSVENOR STREET,
April, 1841.

OF THE

SEMINOLE INDIANS.

"Man, only, mars kind nature's plan,
And turns the fierce pursuit on man."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE Seminoles appear to be a mixed tribe, having sprung chiefly from the wandering Creeks and Muscogulgees, who formerly fled the persecutions of the western districts; they also formed alliances in Florida with the Appalachees, Yemassees, and others. In process of time this newly formed tribe increased in numbers, and settled on the banks of the Chattahoochee and Coaeta rivers, not far from the approaching encroachments of what are

called civiziled men, or whites; unhappily, among this class there are never wanting individuals, who, from interested motives, are always ready to foment wars and disputes between the neighbouring Indian tribes.

Without doubt too, they themselves possess the same laudable incitements to war which stimulate their more enlightened brethren—ambition, jealousy, revenge, love of conquest or gain. From some or other of these causes the Appalachees were induced to take up arms against this new, but now formidable tribe, the Seminoles; at this time the latter held possession of the settlements on the rivers Suwanney, Mikkasukey, and Talahassee, while colonies sprang up in other quarters, forming nations equally independent, and almost as formidable as their neighbours.

The Seminole Indians have retained all the daring spirit and fortitude peculiar to their wild

progenitors.—In the battle-field their prowess has ever been acknowledged by their white enemies; and like all brave people, much may be said of their forbearance, previous to the commencement of hostilities; and of their gratitude, even in war, to those from whom they had formerly received kindness.

It is true that Indians have, in common with other nations, their peculiar failings; but I do not hesitate to aver, that they rarely commit a single act which comes within *their code of crimes*, but at the instigation of civilized men; either through base example, or by the introduction of that poison of the mind and body, ARDENT SPIRITS.

Formerly an Indian's word could be taken with confidence, even for his return within a given time, to undergo the sentence of death—the great Regulus could have done no more—and to this day such instances of romantic

honour and fortitude in these uneducated sons of the forest, are by no means rare.

They are ferocious and relentless in battle, at times it must be confessed, sparing neither age nor sex; but they are early taught to estimate every act of carnage towards their foes as a virtue; and the very scalps produced at their council fires, are there viewed as commendable and honourable trophies; and are greeted by them with as much respect as captured flags and banners, when exhibited at the cities of Washington or London. It must be borne in mind, that the scalp is taken only after the *death* of the vanquished, as a proof of the success of the conqueror, and a warrior is estimated according to the number he possesses.

With regard to scalping, to which the Indians attach not the least ideas of cruelty, or even impropriety, with deep sorrow I avow it is not unfrequently practised by the whites, who can

have no plea for such an act—and under circumstances too, which cannot fail of exciting our strongest disgust. Portions of skin have been cut from the bodies of Indians, and hung up in the houses of white men, as proofs of prowess—portions of the same have been converted into razor-strops; and I once shrunk with horror—not at the sight of a scalp, but that such a trophy should have been exhibited by the hand of a beautiful and highly-accomplished girl, in a drawing room, who triumphantly boasted that her brother had severed it from the head of an Indian enemy!!

It is hardly necessary to say that Indians are as susceptible of kindness as they are revengeful of injuries; my intimate acquaintance with them, has inspired me with a high respect for their social and domestic character. I will mention one or two instances in their favour, out of many:—At Dade's battle, one hundred

and twelve, out of one hundred and fourteen of the white soldiers, under the command of Major Dade, were killed. One of the survivors was about being despatched by a Seminole, when, after the Indian had refused the soldier's proffered money, he recollected that he had recently assisted him in fitting a handle to his axe: even this simple act of civility was remembered by the red man, and proved the means of saving the life of an enemy.

Another instance of gratitude in Indian life, of a more prominent character, came under my personal observation. Previous to the war, many of the Seminole Tribe were in the habit of visiting me, at my plantation, on the banks of the river St. John. Among my red friends, were two sub-chiefs, who, with their wives and children, were invariably treated with that urbanity and kindness, due to their station and respectable deportment.

These worthy people generally came accompanied by others of the tribe, who never failed to bring with them some token of gratitude for the attention shewn them by my wife and myself; such as presents of venison, wild turkey, &c. It was not long subsequent to this good understanding that the war took place, and the consequent burning and destruction of property. The whole neighbourhood fled from the terrible vengeance of the maltreated Indians, and I, with others, deemed it better to abandon my property, fearing the incursion of some of the tribe, who might not have been aware of my friendly feeling towards them.

Not long after the departure of myself and family, two extensive establishments, one within a quarter of a mile, and the other not more than one mile from my residence, were burned to the ground by Indians. Yet, although they came to my house, and cooked food at my hearth,

they injured nothing. Five years have elapsed since that period, and to this day my property has suffered but by the common ravages of time upon unoccupied buildings; and I feel assured I could have continued to live in safety in my "sweet retirement" to the present moment, but from the risk of strange Indians, whose wives or children had fallen sacrifices to the unsparing hands of the white dwellers upon the Indian frontier.

Englishmen have hitherto known little or nothing of these people; but in defiance of all prejudices against what are called savages—people differing so widely in their customs and political institutions from ourselves (which, be it remembered, are well and wisely adapted to their mode of life) my own experience leads me to the conclusion, that viewing vice and crime, as felt and acknowledged by each race—if I am not greatly mistaken, infinitely less will be

found connected with that state of existence which we are apt to look upon as inferior.

With regard to America generally, I do not mean to imply that the feeling of prejudice against Indians, extends throughout the United States; on the contrary, I feel assured that young Oceola would have been as warmly received in New York or Boston, as he has been in London.

The accounts of all travellers who have visited Indians in their native wilds, as well as the histories by the first discoverers in America, unite in proving that the Almighty Creator of us all, has endowed his red children with moral and physical qualities of the highest order of excellence; their intelligence also is remarkable. It is melancholy to contemplate their wasting, to use their own language, "like snow before the sun." They seem only to require proper means, to recover that state of happiness they

possessed when unmolested and uncontaminated by the white man.

Before the "Armed Boot" supplanted the Moccassin on the shores of America, their's appears to have been a "golden age"—unrestrained by laws of any denomination, their actions were guided solely by the dictates of virtue—crime was then unknown—and when the bonds of society were in the least violated, to have merited the contempt of a high-souled, chivalric people, was sufficient punishment for the offender; and such is the state of society, as it at present exists among those tribes who dwell near the base of the Rocky Mountains, who have not yet come under the pale of civilization.

Mr. Catlin, in his interesting lectures upon "the manners and customs of the North American Indians," describes the primitive tribes as ignorant of vice of any description; he

dwelt many years among them, and declares, that during the whole period he was universally treated with hospitality and kindness—that they never stole from him to the value of a shilling; but that on his parting with them, they loaded him with presents, and consigned him to the care of the "Great Spirit."

My fancy is always fired, and my imagination kindles, as I dwell upon the wrongs and sorrows of these people.

Notwithstanding the vices which have been introduced among the Seminoles, there is something in the erect and manly form—in the proud bearing and confident demeanour, and in the graceful movements of the males, which impresses the eye of the beholder, and seems to remind him that they are the legitimate proprietors of the soil, from which their more enlightened neighbours are endeavouring to eject them.

A cursory glance at the policy pursued by the American Government, and by individuals towards the aborigines of this country, will convince the most indifferent observer that they have been unjustly used, and basely calumniated.

Some apology may be found for the present generations in Florida, in the circumstance, that they or their immediate ancestors have suffered much in their struggles and desperate encounters with them, while preparing for themselves a home in the wilderness; and it is natural that they should feel risings of indignation against a race of men, with whom they have been almost constantly at war; since, at such times, men are not accustomed to regard the justice or injustice of the origin of their quarrels, but throw the burden of blame upon their enemies.

But when a few more centuries shall have passed away—when the tales of cruelty practised

upon present and former generations shall have become mitigated and softened by the lapse of time—when the present excited feelings shall have subsided, and when distance from the scene shall have mellowed down the light reflected from the funeral pyres, erected by the Red Man for their civilized encroachers—then will posterity view them in their true light,—and future ages, instead of wondering at their "inhuman barbarities," will be more surprised that *one* of them continued an ally of the whites, or that one magnanimous or generous deed was ever extended towards the intruders on their soil.

If the Indians were cruel—posterity will see that they were cruelly provoked by those claiming to be Christians;—If they were revengeful—that they only followed the example of the white man, who not only indulged in the same unhallowed passions, but who added avarice, rapine, and debauchery to their list of crimes.

If the Red Man retaliated injuries, the provocation had been tenfold on the part of the whites; who pursued them on their own soil, and through their native forests, with all the rapacity with which the half famished wolf pursues his prey.

I know of no objects that have a higher claim upon the sympathies of the world, than the remnants of these, once formidable tribes, scattered over the broad surface of America; now fast disappearing before the onward march of emigration and civilization. How striking the contrast! These men, lords of the soil they once held undisputed as their birthright, —where they roamed in all the majesty of uncultivated, yet, noble human nature—are now become objects of oppression and extermination.

We shudder when we call to mind, tales to which we listened in early boyhood, of Indian cruelties; but can our riper years find no palliation? Read the language of the Red Man,

and then say if his cruelties were ever commensurate with the ingratitude of the whites.—"We took you by the hand" say they, "and bade you welcome to sit down by our side, and live with us as brothers—but how did you requite our kindness? You at first asked only a little of our land—we gave it—you requested more—it was given,—but not satisfied with this, you would monopolize the game of our forest—you seized upon all our most pleasant places, and drove us from the hunting and burial grounds of our sires!"

Their language is emphatically true; although by the laws of nations, the discoverers of this Continent claimed a right to take possession and plant colonies in the, then, wilds of America; they were cruelly unjust to seize upon the places which had been to the Indians the homes of their ancestors, and had descended to themselves. As they slowly and sullenly retired from "their

pleasant places," the whites pressed hard upon them, and ever since the day they first granted them a "little land," they have been following their retreating footsteps, like the advancing billows of an angry ocean.

When we reproach the Indians with inhumanity in their mode of warfare—do we reflect that they are but uncivilized men,—that their ideas of right are rendered sacred by practice and tradition, handed down from time immemorial? If civilized nations rise *as one man*, when their rights are invaded or their territories encroached upon; is it matter of surprise that untaught Indians turn their tomahawks against the whites, when they endeavour to deprive them of that which they regarded as most sacred and dear?

As for cruelty, you will in vain search for examples among the traditions and annals of the past, to exceed those imposed upon the Red Man

by the Whites, or to which their Indian allies have been instigated and encouraged; through which means, they sought to rid themselves of the odium of barbarity.

In reading of the rise and fall of civilized nations, with all the attendant wrongs and oppressions, our indignation becomes excited. Yet a relation of the wrongs and usurpations of civilized men over the confiding Indians of America, is a relation far more replete with cruelty—they have not only been deprived of their rights, but have been degraded in soul and body, and now, alas! are fading away, forgotten, to their graves, or, if perchance remembered—only to be stigmatized as "brutal savages."

It may be necessary, before we give an account of the family of the young Prince, to observe, that no name is ever bestowed by Indians, upon a young Iste-Chatti, or Red Child, without some particular meaning attached to it; which

name, is often changed in after years, to one corresponding better to the age or circumstances of maturity; thus an infant may be called Green-bush, from its having first drawn breath beneath that verdant screen of nature. Another will be named Oceola, Rising Sun —Hutte-chumba, Evening-Star — Nathle-oce, Setting Moon—according to the time of its birth. And when arrived at "Man's Estate," in consequence of some peculiarity or physical structure, he will be spoken of as, Ulwe, tall—Chatqua, small—Saputhatkee, light; or by some act of heroism, either with a human enemy or one no less ferocious, he may be invested with a more formidable appellation, as, Catsha, tiger—Yaha, wolf—Halputta, alligator, &c.

The meaning of Nikkanochee, the name conferred upon the subject of this narrative by his Indian relations, I have hitherto been unable

to discover. Oceola and Econchatti, I have added to his given name, that he may bear in remembrance, he is nephew and son of two of the most noble and distinguished Chiefs, the Floridas perhaps ever yet produced.

THE CHIEF OCEOLA.

"The steady brain, the sinewy limb,
To leap, to climb, to dive, to swim;
The iron frame, inured to bear
Each dire inclemency of air."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career."

BYRON.

From the preceding account of the Seminole Indians, my reader will be in some measure prepared for the introduction of a character of the greatest renown in Florida; of whom, both as a man and as a warrior, but one opinion is entertained by his friends and his enemies. Conspicuous among his own nation for his courage and his bodily strength, he rendered himself no less the terror of the pale-faces during war, than he was universally known to

LIBRARY
OF THE
BOMBAY
BRANCH
OF THE
ASIATIC

R. J. Hamerton, Esq.

Day & Haghe, Lith.rs to the Queen.

OCEOLA the CELEBRATED CHIEF of the SEMINOLES,
UNCLE TO PRINCE ECONCHATTI

Published by Hatchard & Son, Piccadilly.

have been generous and kind, previous to the commencement of hostilities—he was a husband and a father, but all that is known of his family, subsequent to his death, is, that they, with other Indian prisoners, underwent the sentence of banishment to the "Far West."

It is gratifying to know, that at present at least, a scion from so noble a stock has been saved from the ruthless destroyers of himself and his tribe; the boy whom I have been the happy means of preserving, being the son of Oceola's sister.

It has frequently been asserted in the United States of America, that Oceola, the great Master Spirit of the Seminoles, was of mixed blood. Some have declared him to be half Spanish—others that his father was an Englishman, named Powel—another has given the honor of his being, to a Scotchman, whilst some have asserted that he received an education at

the Military College at West Point, in the State of New York, and consequently that he was thoroughly conversant with the English language. The tribe from which this renowned Chief sprang, has been as freely discussed; some have attributed his birth to the Creek nation—others to the Mikkasookies, and a few to the Cherokees.

From the warm interest I have at all times taken in matters concerning Indians, I have been induced to investigate cautiously, their manners, customs and history. The former, are open to any observing character, who will be at the pains of visiting them in their abodes, when not engaged in war. When at peace, they are kind and hospitable, and are willing to impart any information to the curious traveller. Their history is but little known, owing to the few intelligent whites, who are sufficiently acquainted with their language. Yet, almost every one,

who has in any manner, associated with Indians, pretends to a knowledge of their general character, and is proud to be considered a good authority.

Judging from all I have been enabled to learn of the Chief Oceola from other Indians, and from respectable white men, who knew him from childhood, he was undoubtedly, a thorough-bred Seminole. I am borne out in this opinion by Mr. Catlin, who is probably, better acquainted with the physical, as well as moral structure of these people, than any other white man living; he painted an excellent likeness of this celebrated warrior, only four days previous to his death, in a prison at Charleston, South Carolina: which picture, stands conspicuous amidst hundreds of other portraits of Indians, in the elaborate collection, now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall. Mr. Catlin, of course, had as fair an opportunity of forming a judgment,

by the countenance of Oceola, as most men; he informs me, that his general appearance, and character, was that of a thorough-bred wild Indian, and that he did not seem, even to comprehend the English language.

But little became known to the white inhabitants of America, of the valorous spirit of Oceola, until the commencement of the unhappy Seminolee war, previous to which, when only a youth, he had distinguished himself among his own people, in some severe battles with the neighbouring tribes.

In the intermediate space of time, he seems to have led the wandering, careless life of a hunter, when his only opportunities of signalizing himself, were in his perilous encounters with the prowling monsters of the forest, to which he often proved a mortal enemy.

It was not until the latter end of the year 1835, that the energies of Oceola were roused

into full vigor. At this time an effort was made by the Pseudo-Americans—the whites,—to expatriate the true lords of the soil, from the homes of their fathers, and send them away to the "far west;" where thousands had already perished by change of climate, grief, or dissentions with the different tribes, who had been mercilessly huddled together by treacherous mock treaties, on lands insufficient in extent and quality, to supply game and other necessaries, on which, they had hitherto depended in the more congenial climes of the South; consequently wars ensued among themselves, which, with the aid of whiskey, plentifully supplied by their Christian neighbours, soon reduced their numbers.

In December, 1835, a meeting or "Talk," as it is expressed by Indians, was held at Camp King, at which two hundred and fifty red warriors assembled, met by a battalion of white

soldiers, under command of General Clinch, who was accompanied by several other officers of distinction.

A council of Indians, held in their native wilds, upon the green carpet of nature, under the broad canopy of heaven, is, to a reflecting mind, a spectacle replete with solemnity and interest. The wide expanding, densely-foliaged oak, from whose thousand branches, hang in the beauty of neglected nature, in festoons and strips of many feet, the moss, peculiar to the southern States of North America—the stately pine—the sturdy hickory—and the splendid magnolia—all lend their aid to blend in the *coup d'œil*, a fitting place for purpose deep.

In scenes similar to this, the chiefs and elders meet to determine the course to be adopted in all cases of emergency; here the small remnant of a powerful and warlike tribe, met to decide upon peace or war, in which millions of civilized

men, with all the arts and implements of battle, were pitted against a few hundreds of poor persecuted Indians.

On one side of the conclave alluded to, sat in purse-proud state, General Wiley Thompson, one of those subtle minions of power, who are appointed by Congress, as agents from the United States, to treat with Indians for purchase or exchange of lands; at the same time he is expected to protect the tribe, he thus becomes attached to, from wrongs and oppressions of the neighbouring whites, and report to the government a true and impartial statement of the negociation he is empowered to conduct.

This appointment would be considered, by one unacquainted with the general character of Indian agents, a post of some respectability, and so it may be, when occupied by honest men; but in this instance, General Thompson opened a shop, for the purpose of trading with the

aborigines, from which he issued Whiskey, Tomahawks, Spears, Gunpowder, and Rifles; thus providing in the first place, an incentive to their no less deadly weapons; in exchange for Otter-skins, Deer-skins, and Cattle-hides; articles easily conveyed to a northern market, by which he accumulated considerable wealth.

Independently of this villainous mode of traffic, wherein the Seminoles were invariably cheated, he employed many in laborious occupations, a neglect of which, insured them severe chastisement, summarily executed, by twisted strips of hide, applied to the bare skin, whilst the poor victim of oppression was bound to a tree. But the day of vengeance was at hand:—the very Rifle which Thompson had gratuitously presented to Oceola, with a view to conciliate him for cruelties inflicted upon his fellows, was the weapon, by which he expiated his manifold sins against this generous people.

After a preliminary address from General Clinch, seconded by General Thompson, setting forth the advantages of the treaty they wished to enforce, and to which some of the Indian Chiefs replied in their beautiful figurative language; a deed of contract, binding the Seminoles to give up their lands in Florida, to the United States' government, in exchange for others in a distant country, was placed upon the table, and application made to the principal warriors, to attach their + thereunto. An imbecile old Chief, called Enematkla, was the first to declare himself a traitor to his tribe, by affixing his sign-manual; he was followed by a few others of inferior grade, until it was submitted to Oceola, who, with all the pride of offended dignity thus offered to himself and his countrymen, with indignation sparkling in his eye, and a contemptuous curl of the lip, drew from his bosom a dagger, and with a countenance

that seemed to strike terror into all by whom he was opposed, he hurled the trusty steel with such force into the hateful document, that it passed fairly through the table—exclaiming at the same time, "THERE IS MY MARK!!"

> "All was so quick that it might seem,
> "A flash of lightning, or a dream."

General Clinch thought this a *clincher;* Wiley Thompson looked more *wily,* and all the surrounding white men grew *whiter;* each stood aghast in astonishment, as the undaunted young hero firmly gripped the handle of his deeply buried weapon, and bade defiance to all the fully armed warriors, by whom he was encircled.

For this novel mode of signing with a *steel pen,* by which matters were so speedily brought to a *point,* Oceola was immediately seized upon, and so tightly bound to a tree, that the cords by which he was confined, cut deeply into the flesh;

R. J. Hamerton, Lith.

OCEOLA'S MODE OF SIGNING THE TREATY.

Published by Bancroft & Co. Bradley

evidences of which were clearly exhibited when Mr. Catlin painted his likeness, two years subsequent to this disgraceful transaction. After being half suspended in this torturing position forty-eight hours, he was released to undergo the full penalty of his temerity: iron fetters now usurped the place of ropes, and solitary confinement was added to his overflowing cup of misery! but nought at this time, could subdue the indomitable spirit of this high-souled Chief; he spurned their shackles, as he had defied their hempen bonds, and in all probability would have perished, rather than have yielded to such inhuman oppression; but he reflected that the fate of his tribe depended, in a great measure, upon his presence among them. This feeling of affection for his country, and his kindred, alone induced him to feign contrition for the alleged offence he had offered to the heads of a people calling themselves Christians.

In full confidence, that the cruelties inflicted upon Oceola, would operate as a warning to others of his tribe, he was liberated. It was not likely, that a soul sufficiently daring to have acted as he had done, could readily forgive the indignities so recently heaped upon him: no sooner was the captive free, than, with his companions in arms, who waited anxiously to receive him, he caused the deep forest to re-echo the well known WAR-WHOOP, as a signal for hostilities.

Enamatkla was forthwith shot as a traitor, and General Wiley Thompson, with five others who had the misfortune to be with him at the time, fell before their unerring rifles. Oceola first despatching Thompson, with the rifle I before stated he had offered as a present, to conciliate his determined enemy.

Oceola now sent a negro to General Clinch, to inform him that he possessed 150 barrels of

gunpowder, which should all be consumed before his people could be conquered, and that he would lead the cheating 'pale-faces' a dance of five years, for their insolence towards himself and his warriors.

Although the brave Oceola did not live to see his prediction fulfilled, of leading the "pale-faces a dance of five years," yet true enough, this little band of warriors have maintained their ground for the time specified; at the loss of upwards of eighteen hundred men, and an expense of more than six millions sterling to the United States. In the battle of Ouithla-coochee, Oceola was known to have fought with desperate valour. At the same time that the woods resounded with peals of musketry, and the fierce, sharp cracks of the Indian rifles, accompanied by appalling war-whoops; his voice was distinctly heard, calling to his warriors

"Take away the wounded, never mind the dead!"

At Dade's battle, as it is denominated by the Americans, one hundred and twelve of the whites were killed by Indians, only two escaping out of one hundred and fourteen. These soldiers, commanded by Major Dade, were marching, fully armed, attended by a six-pounder cannon drawn by oxen, and a waggon containing arms and ammunition, through the heart of an enemy's country. Yet the killing of these men by the Seminoles, is stigmatized as a *Horrible Massacre*, and the memory of Dade revered as a martyr.—At the same time, *unarmed* Red Men, with their wives and children, were daily slaughtered—these were *Glorious Achievements!*

When the remains of Major Dade and his soldiers were discovered by the Americans, many days after this unfortunate circumstance,

it was remarked, that not a single article of value was taken from the bodies—watches and valuable rings were found upon the officers, unmolested. The savage spurns to rob the dead! How many of these ornaments would have remained upon the bodies of *Indians*, under similar circumstances?

During a series of battles, in which the whites were invariably repulsed, Oceola signalized himself for good generalship and courage, and if, at any time he had recourse to stratagem, he was fully authorized in so doing, by the frequent treacherous attempts, made by his enemies, to entrap him.

On the 6th of October, 1836, the garrison at Fort Drane was so reduced for provisions, having been besieged for a length of time by the Indians, that the white troops were glad to hold a parley with Oceola, and invited him, through Captain Hitchcock, with a flag of truce, to

approach the fort. In full confidence he came, attended by three hundred warriors; when he informed the Captain that he knew the soldiers were in a desperate state, bordering upon starvation, and that, at that moment, they were subsisting upon the flesh of horses and dogs; at the same time, he generously offered his enemies an ox and some brandy.

During this conference, General Clinch appeared with a strong reinforcement, and made an essay to capture the generous Oceola and his warriors, *in defiance of the flag of truce*, which he must have seen, as he was near enough to fire upon the Indians.

The liberty of this heroic young warrior was not of long endurance—one year more, and his brilliant career closed for ever! October 20th, 1837, was a day appointed for Oceola to meet General Hernandez, with a view to form some arrangement, by which this unjust war might

be brought to a close. Accordingly, Oceola again appeared under a flag of truce, when, as is briefly described in a Florida newspaper—"*General Jessup so arranged the soldiers under command of General Hernandez; that, at a preconcerted signal, the whole of Oceola's band should be surrounded; which* ruse de guerre *was performed to admiration; when the crest-fallen hero of the Seminoles and his partizans laid down their rifles.*" This statement is false—the Indians had not *laid down* their rifles, but had, according to agreement with General Hernandez, *placed them against a tree,* and as soon as the white troops showed themselves, they were immediately seized upon, leaving the Indians defenceless.

Thus fell into the hands of their treacherous enemies, the renowned, the brave, the good Oceola, with upwards of eighty of his principal

warriors, together with *his wife and son (a young boy) and two other Indian women.*

"The eagle-plumes droop o'er his piercing eyes,
The fire of youth was there;—
The fire of youth still brightened the look,
But their lustre was dimm'd by despair."

M. A. W.

Never was a more disgraceful piece of villainy perpetrated in a civilized land—the Americans have no plea, by which they can justify such a violation of the law of nations. As they had, throughout the war, and on all previous occasions, acknowledged the Seminoles as an independent people, by forming treaties with them, and receiving their chiefs as ambassadors, the government of the United States could not have considered them as rebels.

Poor Oceola! with his wife and child, and his brave followers, was confined but a short time in the fort at St. Augustine, in East Florida;

when, for the better security of the victims, the government ordered their removal to Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, and there—in a dungeon—the spirit of Oceola fled for ever!

There was a touching commentary on woman's worth, displayed in the dying hour of the Seminole Chieftain. The stern warrior, who had passed through life without having, in appearance, done aught to win the imperishable love of devoted woman, yet expired with his head pillowed on a female bosom.

Cold as the heart of the savage is supposed to be, in regard to the social and domestic feelings, the death-couch of Oceola yields triumphant evidence of the Indian's submission to the sway of the affections.

A captive, and to add to the bitterness of imprisonment, treacherously captured—smarting under a sense of his nation's many wrongs—feeling, that with his death was lost the sole

chance for the deliverance of his people, from the avaricious power of the white man. It may well be conceived, that the soul of the Chief was filled with emotion, and that he had but few feelings to spare, in exercises of the love and sympathies of life.

But the power of woman mastered the keen remembrances of the Indian's manifold grievances, and the voice of his faithful wife, as she wiped from his brow the death damps, fell gratefully and soothingly upon the ebbing senses of the captive.

In witnessing the entire devotion, and patient love of his too wretched wife, the Indian forgot his injuries, and the indomitable spirit, so often flashing in the van of battle, passed away, with a murmur of love to her, the companion of his freedom, and the sharer of his prison!

DIRGE BY SEMINOLE WARRIORS.

Signed—LESLIE.

Go to thy rest,—
Not where the green and tall magnolias bow,
Slowly and solemnly their lofty crests—
Above the violet grass we lay thée now!

Not where the pinè
With dreary sighing answered back thy tread,
When forest dwellers made beneath its shrine,
The ancient places of their silent dead,—

Not where the stream
Beneath the arching wild vine, whispers low,
With spirit-voices—when the sun's last beam
Falls, where it bathes the warrior's dust—we go.

To thy dark bed
We would not, that *their* music's wail should come,
Nor see *them* bend the plumed and glittering head,
In stately mourning to the deep-toned drum.

They mock us well,—
With banner waving, and that hollow sound,
Long pealing from the battlements, to tell
That *thou*, our brave, hast ransom found.

Why should *they* grieve,
E'en while their pale blood curdles to the heart,
Beside thy grave,—that thou *their* bonds canst leave,
And to our fathers' hunting fields depart?*

We do not weep—
The Red Man hath no tear to shed for thee,—
Smiling, we gaze upon the dreamless sleep,
The fortress broken, and the captive free.

Hither we bring,
Ere yet this earth on thy cold brow we lay,
Thy Boy,—for one wild moment here to cling,
In love's first sorrow, to those lips of clay.

Bend low and near,—
Nor sigh, or moan must break our Chief's repose—
Yet, Boy—on thy young heart be written here,
A deep and burning memory of his foes!

We ask not fame,—
We call not vengeance for the faith we gave;
Trace in the language of your land his name,
And show *your* sons the SEMINOLE'S GRAVE.

* Indians believe that if they are brave and good in this world, they will be rewarded in the next by being placed in excellent hunting grounds.

The sympathy of the Americans for the death of Oceola ran so high, that they buried him with military honours due to a general; and, with a tardy appreciation of his character, indicative more of a puling sentimentality, than a love of justice, or admiration of his worth, they exalt their victim into a hero of romance.

Oceola was interred at Fort Moultrie, near Charleston;—over his grave is a handsome marble monument, on which is inscribed

OCEOLA.

I cannot take leave of this melancholy part of the narrative, without laying before my readers another beautiful piece of poetry, written by Alfred Street, an American; which, like the last, is full of fire, and breathes a manly and generous feeling towards the departed hero.

PART I.

The rich blue sky is o'er,
Around are the tall green trees,
And the jessamine's breath from the everglade
Is borne on the wandering breeze.
On the mingled grass and flowers
Is a fierce and threat'ning form,
That looks like an eagle when pluming his wing
To brave the gathering storm.

His rifle within his grasp—
The bright plume o'er his head—
His features are clothed with a warrior's pride,
And he moves with a monarch's tread.
He bends his listening ear,
He peers through the tangled screen,
And he smiles with joy, as the flash of steel
Through the everglade's grass is seen.

One wave of his stalwart arm,
Wild forms around him stand,·
And his eye glares bright with triumphant light,
As he looks at his swarthy band.
Nearer the bayonets' gleam—
At the edge of the *hammock now,
The pale-face ranks are rallying,
But they seek in vain the foe.

They see in that lovely scene
But the humming-bird o'er the flowers,
And the glittering wing of the paroquet
In the cool and fragrant bowers.
But hark! from the cypress shade,—
From the bay-tree's glossy leaves,
And the nooks where the vine from bough to bough,
Its serpentine festoon weaves ;—

The loud, shrill warwhoops burst
On the soft and sleeping air,
And quick, bright darts of surrounding death
Are fearfully glancing there.
The eagle with fierce delight
Abroad has his pinions cast,
And he shrinks as he bathes in the crimson rain,
And sweeps through the whizzing blast.

* A hammock, or hummock, is a dense wood with thick jungle or under-brush.

The battle-storm is o'er—
The hammock is reeking red—
But who looks there with victorious smile,
On the heaps of the pale-face dead?
'Tis a tribe's young warrior Chief!
The deeds of whose vengeful flame,
Have filled the ear of a mighty land
With the terror of his name.

PART II.

In a dark and dungeon room
Is stretched a mighty form,
And it shakes in its dreadful agony,
Like a leaf in the autumn storm.
No pillar'd palmetto hangs
Its tuft in the clear, bright air;
But a sorrowing group, and the narrow wall,
And a smouldering hearth are there.

The white froth on his lip,
His trembling, gasping breath,—
And the hollow rattle in his throat,
Proclaim the conqueror—death.
'Tis the proud, victorious Chief,
Who smiled 'mid the pale-face slain;
'Tis the eagle that swept through the whizzing blast,
And bathed in the crimson rain.

For his own green forest home,
He had struggled long and well;
But the soul that had breasted a nation's arms
At the touch of a fetter, fell.
He had worn wild freedom's crown
On his bright, unconquered brow,
Since he first saw the light of his beautiful skies:
It was gone for ever now!

But still, in his last dread hour,
Did not bright visions come!
Bright visions that shed a golden gleam
On the darkness of his doom?
They calm'd his throbbing pulse,
And they hung on his muttering breath;
The spray thrown up from life's frenzied flood
Plunging on to the gulf of death.

The close walls shrunk away;—
Above was the stainless sky,
And the lakes, with their floating isles of flowers,
Spread glittering to his eye.
O'er his hut the live-oak spread
Its branching, gigantic shade,
With its dots of leaves, and its robes of moss,
Broad, blackening on the glade.

But a sterner sight is round,
  Battle's wild torrent is there,—
The tomahawk gleams, and the red blood streams,
  And the war-whoops rend the air.
At the head of his faithful band,
  He peals forth his terrible cry,
As he fiercely leaps 'mid the slaughtered heaps
  Of the foe, that but fought to die.

* * * *

One gasp—and the eye is glazed,
  And still is the stiffening clay;
The eagle soul of the Chief had passed
  On the battle's flood away!

CAPTAIN GRAHAM AND NATHLEOCEE.

"What is country—name—fame—fortune—
When all powerful love steps in,
And wages war against them?"

I digress so far from the course of my narrative, as to introduce two personages, who may appear very much in the characters of a hero and heroine of romance; still, the circumstances of which I am about to speak, are facts, related to me by one intimately acquainted with Captain Graham, and by whom the following interesting tale was communicated.

John Graham, about three years previous to the Seminole war, arrived in St. Augustine, a

Lieutenant in a regiment of dragoons, where many a fair "southerner" sighed for the tall, athletic, yet graceful form of the fair-haired Officer, whose highly-polished manners corresponded well with his manly beauty; but the heart of young Graham was not to be taken by all the combined allurements of beauty, wealth, or high accomplishments. In vain they whirled the giddy mazes of the dance, or tried the more fascinating charms of music—he withstood the siege of a hundred gazelle eyes—yet remained firm and unsubdued, until ordered to the frontier encampment, on the Indian boundary line.

Here, in the wilds of nature, Graham felt a passion for the charms of perfect freedom in sylvan life. He remembered many tales in the romantic history of Scotland, the land of his forefathers, of clans headed by Chiefs of his own name, and compared their rude character with the Indians, with whom he was now destined

to hold frequent intercourse; he was surprised to find a striking similarity in dress, and many of their manners and customs, to those of the ancient Highlanders.

He sought their society, and soon selected a young Chief, at this time of no great notoriety, as his friend, and almost constant companion. This bold and hardy warrior, then about the same age as himself, was no other than Oceola, whose subsequent deeds of valour and military discretion, astonished, and at the same time, struck admiration into the hearts of his enemies.

These young heroes soon established a friendship of no ordinary character—their hearts became as thoroughly amalgamated, as welded gold and silver—together they followed the chase, and many were "the hair-breadth 'scapes" and toils endured by these singularly contrasted specimens of civilized refinement, and rude, yet haughty grandeur of savage life.

Than Graham, a more perfect specimen of manly beauty—chivalric bearing—and gentlemanly deportment, could seldom be realized—few maidens could have resisted the soft blandishments of his addresses.

Oceola was tall, and of a spare habit—his limbs were well proportioned, and his complexion of the olive-red peculiar to his tribe—his features were not decidedly handsome, yet on scrutinizing his face, there was nothing with which one could be dissatisfied—his teeth were regular—his nose rather Grecian than otherwise—but the eye! "that herald of the soul"—was, in itself, constituted to command; when under excitement, it flashed fury and stern resolve—but when aiding its alluring ally, the well-formed mouth, in a smile—it warmed the very heart of its beholder with its beams of kindness.

It was on one of those glowing evenings of the sunny south, when the clouds are gilded in

splendour, to await the departing god of light—after a hard day's toil, in pursuit of a tiger, which at last fell wounded by the rifle of Graham, and was finally despatched by the tomahawk of his swarthy friend, that the young officer first experienced the witchery of love.

Wearied and feverish from excitement, in a climate to which his system had scarcely yet become reconciled, he gladly accepted the proffered hammock of netted grass, suspended by Nathleocee, Oceola's niece, beneath the umbrageous, wide-spreading branches of a large oak tree, from whose limbs hung the graceful, yet melancholy looking moss—at times in festoons, at others, falling in perpendicular masses, to the length of eight or ten feet; forming a drapery, infinitely surpassing, in beauty and splendour, all the richest and most elaborate works of art.

In this simple, yet ingeniously constructed aerial couch, the young hunter reposed his weary

limbs, whilst Nathleocee watched his disturbed sleep, and amused her busy fancy with his delirious mutterings, in a language she could not comprehend; whilst she carefully, with a fan made from the feathers of the pinnawaw, or wild turkey, brushed away the intrusive mosquitoes, or the no less annoying sand flies.

After a few hours repose, Captain Graham awoke refreshed, and turning his still half-closed eyes, they rested upon a face of beauty, of so peculiar a character, and in such perfect accordance with his own romantic disposition, that his very soul felt suddenly a thrill he had never hitherto experienced. Beside him stood, in blushing modesty, a perfect child of nature—her dazzling black eyes flashing fire, under an excitement entirely new to her unsophisticated and primitive constitution—she felt abashed, yet knew not why—whilst Gaaham drank deep and largely at the first spring of love, and

dwelt with rapture upon the perfect symmetry of her form, as she leaned against the huge trunk of the oak under which he had slept.

> " Her raven hair, half wreathed, descended,
> And o'er her face like shadows blended,
> Half veiling charms of fairer hue,
> Than ever forest daughter knew.
> Such looks ne'er decked the fairest child;—
> Ne'er bloomed such cheeks in forest wild."

Nathleocee possessed not only a face of loveliness, but a form, which might vie in beauty of proportion with the most exquisite productions of the Roman or Grecian sculptor.

Her costume was such as would shock the refined modesty of the more intellectual class of white females, but nature knows no shame but that of sin, and assuredly, if virtue consists in purity of thought, sentiment, or action—this artless girl was pure as the fountain which daily reflected her unrivalled charms.

The upper part of her form, according to the custom of her tribe, was left uncovered—her long black hair floated to the winds, unbraided, over her finely proportioned shoulders—and as the zephyrs caught the unconfined tresses, they would play upon a bust, Venus herself might have proudly owned. Her head was surmounted by a tuft of feathers, plucked from the wings of the snow-white Oartolo, or virgin crane; interspersed with those of the gaudy crimson flamingo—the whole confined by pearls of value, collected among the islands at the southern extremity of the peninsula of Florida.

She wore a skirt of chassee, or fawn's skin, of the softest texture, which was embroidered with minute sea shells, interspersed with pearls of rare beauty and extraordinary magnitude, and further ornamented with strips of ermine skins, and a variety of feathers of the richest hue. This Hukkasykee, as it is denominated in the

Seminole language, extended from her waist to a little below her knees.

Her beautifully formed legs were encased in Uphetaikas, also made of chassee, ornamented at the outsides by a double row of beads—a pair of prettily worked Mocassins, or Indian shoes, made to correspond with other portions of her dress, completed the attire of the Chieftain's niece.

Nathleocee was the orphan daughter of a neighbouring King, who had been killed in battle; from infancy she had been reared and cherished by her uncle, with all the fond affection which a noble-minded man feels for a lovely object looking up to him for protection. She was scarcely seventeen when Graham became enamoured of her extraordinary sylvan charms. With all the natural grace and dignity of one born free as the bounding fawn of the wilderness, she combined the retiring modesty, and feminine timidity of a girl just blushing into womanhood

—there was, withal, an arch playfulness, which caused the heart of many a young Seminole warrior to bound with rapture, when her piercing black eyes chanced to rest upon him.

Although she loved her "Hadke-tustenuggee," or white warrior, as Captain Graham was called throughout the Seminole nation, still she conceived it a degradation to be allied to an Istehadke, or white man; but at length yielded to his continued importunities, and they were married, according to the forms and ceremonies of the Seminole Indians.

Three successive seasons produced as many offspring to gladden the hearts of the affectionate parents—then came a withering blight upon their hopes of future happiness—the fond wife was destined to be separated by the rude hand of war, from her husband, and the father, from his children.

Hostilities were about to commence, and Graham was ordered by Oceola to quit the Indian dominions, with a threat, that should he again appear among them until the war with the whites had terminated, he would assuredly put him to death; it being customary on these occasions, for an Indian to sacrifice his dearest friend with his own hand, if found arrayed against the tribe to which he belongs. But, as a manifestation of his regard for his former friend and companion, on taking an affectionate leave of Graham, he pulled a white plume from his own head dress, and placed it in the military helmet of the young officer, telling him to wear it whenever he came into battle with the Seminoles, at the same time assuring him that he would give orders throughout the nation, that this insignia should be his protection!

The white warrior could not so easily control his affections, and in spite of the mandate of

Oceola, he again ventured into the vicinity of the wigwam which contained his wife and children. It was not long before an opportunity was afforded him of beholding her he loved. Nathleocee was on her way to visit the bank of a clear stream, beside which, under the shade of a wide-spreading magnolia, whose perfumes seemed like holy incense to their loves, the young couple had first exchanged their vows of pure affection.

No sooner had her keen eye discerned the tall, manly figure of her husband, than she prostrated herself upon the earth, hiding her beauteous face within her hands, and the most endearing entreaties could not extort from her a single word or look.

The rigid rules of obedience to her guardian, and honour to her tribe, forbade her to bestow upon Graham the smallest sign of love or recognition. Sooner would she have sacrificed her

children and herself, than have gratified, by a single glance, the man who was sole lord of her affections.

Finding Nathleocee inexorable to all his impassioned entreaties, Graham left her to join his regiment; soon after which he was seen in the hottest of the fight at the battle of Ouithlacoochee, with the white plume waving in his helmet—but amidst such a shower of rifle balls and arrows, we are not surprised that he was unintentionally wounded, although not severely. Soon after this engagement he retired from the army, disdaining to draw his sword against a people he could not but love, and with whom he strongly sympathized, for their manifold wrongs and oppressions.

This unhappy princess, with her children, was subsequently taken prisoner, and confined in the fort of St. Augustine, while her husband was on a visit to his friends in New York.

From St Augustine, this desolate family was removed, with other Indian captives, and transported to the "far west,"—there, probably, to perish, either by grief, change of climate, or starvation.

OF THE

PARENTS

OF

PRINCE ECONCHATTI.

"Hail, king! for so thou art."

SHAKSPERE.

ECONCHATTI-MICO.

Little more is known by white people of Econchatti, the father of the young prince, than that he was, previous to the war, King of the Red-hills, in the Seminole country; he does not appear ever to have much distinguished himself as a warrior; as at this time, so important to the interests of the Florida Indians, he gave up the command of his braves to his youthful and

aspiring brother in law, Oceola; in this step manifesting much discernment and good sense—still it must be acknowledged, that with Indians, so much discretion and prudence prevail in war, that not much is known to their enemies of their government, either civil or military, until the Tomahawk is buried, and the Calumet of peace has been reciprocally smoked by both contending parties.

It seems, however, common enough among them for the command to be assumed, during war, by that chief who has had the greatest opportunities of signalizing himself, and who, in general, on the return of peace, retires to his post; resuming, with the rest of the young men, their habits of submission to the representatives of the families of the hereditary sovereigns; who, over the whole North American continent, are held in the greatest respect.

We are informed, by a copy of the correspondence between Horatio S. Dexter, Esq., agent for the Seminole Indians, and Captain Bell, of the United States army, and acting Governor of Florida, that as early as 1821, immediately after the cession of the territory from the Spanish government to the United States of America, Econchatti was then a King of a Seminole tribe; he is therefore always called Econchatti-Mico—the word mico signifying King or High chief. *Vide Appendix.*

At that time he resided with his sub-chiefs and warriors on the banks of the Chattahoochee river, where he possessed large private property, in land, slaves, horses, and horned cattle. At this place, it is presumed, the subject of the present narrative was born, who is nephew to the renowned Oceola—Econchatti having married Oceola's sister.

The wealth of Econchatti-Mico was a sufficient inducement for a party of neighbouring white ruffians to arm themselves, and without any previous declaration of hostilities, to rush suddenly into his dominions, when after killing one of his sub-chiefs, they forcibly took possession of the whole of his property. This may be considered as a trifling provocation on the part of the whites, but it is one only among thousands of a similar kind, which they have practised towards a people whom they stigmatize as "REVENGEFUL."

OF PRINCE ECONCHATTI'S MOTHER.

" A death-like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life."

MILTON.

A faint gleam of recollection of his mother at times flashes across the memory of this unsophisticated boy—he now brings to the vision of his mind the scene of her dying—and her death.

The loss of the maternal parent is in every grade of life more keenly felt in childhood's years, than that of the father; yet how much more poignant must have been the sorrow of this Indian child, whose hardy and stern sire, although possessing all the natural feelings of a parent or a husband, deems it unworthy his dignity to descend to the domestic cares of either; but whose stalwart arm is ever ready to defend her, the elect of his choice,—or his off-

spring—his only hope for future years—on whom he depends to convey to succeeding generations the fire and courage of his nature, and, perchance, through the same channel, by traditionary tales, to ages yet to come, the achievements of his heroic daring.

Sad and lonely then must have been the position of this young boy, whose mother breathed her last sigh in the wigwam, with no other attendant to administer to her dying wants than this feeble nurse of probably five years old. Cold was now that bosom on which he had lately nestled for warmth and comfort!

Oceola says that the death of his mother took place previous to the breaking out of the war;—he has not a clear remembrance of her, and the life he subsequently led was sufficient to replace the memory of his infantile years with more exciting events; he thinks his mother had been confined at home for some time—she had been

bled in the temple, but the wound did not heal—his father came frequently, and sat with her, with which she was pleased; but on the morning of the day on which she died, he did not see his father as usual; probably he had gone away upon some military embassy, and as the other women were not present, it is not unlikely the families were already removed away into the interior of the country, to be more secure from the dangers of an impending war.

As soon as he observed his mother had ceased to breathe, he became frightened, and ran to the top of a hill; here he saw two Indians, who came immediately with him, and occupied themselves in examining carefully the extremities of a rope extended between two trees; they then went into the house, and he rambled away to a distance—on his return the men were gone, and the body of his mother was removed—he

saw her no more. As he has no recollection of her in health, it is to be presumed she had been for some time an invalid.

The cord was doubtless designed to lash the body, being part of their ceremony in burial, which is thus performed. As soon as Indians are convinced of the death of one of their people, they place the arms close to the sides—the hands are bent up to the shoulders, and the knees are forced up to the chin.* In this position the body, after having been dressed in its best garments, is bound tightly round by a cord made of twisted strips of cattle-hide; it is then buried, if convenient, in some cavern, or it is carefully deposited in a hollow tree, and with it are placed

* There is a body of a South American Indian in the Museum of the College of Surgeons in London, discovered in this posture in the sand—erroneously supposed to have been buried alive by an earthquake.

all the ornaments, articles of war or dress belonging to the deceased—the places of sepulture are concealed, at times, with matchless skill.

The property of a deceased person is considered too sacred for the use of survivors—all their earthenware utensils, and other household property are broken up and destroyed, so that the ground in the vicinity of old Indian towns, is literally strewed with fragments of pottery, &c.

How revolting then to their notions, must be our disputes respecting the property of our dead friends, or the instances which more frequently come to their knowledge, of soldiers robbing the bodies of their own comrades, as well as of their enemies.

After a battle, the slain are collected in one spot, and a large mound of earth is heaped over them—some of these Indian mounds, as they are called, are very large; there is one I observed

on the road from St. Augustine to Tomaka, which must have covered two acres of ground. *Barrows* of this kind are numerous over the whole American continent; showing a similarity of habits, in this respect, as well as in many others, between the Indians and the aborigines of Great Britain.

YAHCHILANEE AND ALLAHA.

"Sounded at once the bow, and swiftly flies
The feather'd death, and hisses through the skies."

DRYDEN.

Whilst upon the subject of Indian burials, I will take this opportunity of relating the ceremony, as more fully explained to me by the amiable daughter of Mr. Dexter, whose name is mentioned in the appendix—the young lady was witness to the rite she very pleasingly described. The unfortunate subject was a beautiful young Princess of the Euchee tribe, who previous to her marriage with a young sub-chief of the Seminoles, was absolutely persecuted by the addresses of a warrior of her own tribe—but

the impassioned Euchee was rejected, and in the bitterness of jealousy, he swore revenge.

Eleven moons of uninterrupted happiness had glided rapidly away, and Allaha (the orange) had become the mother of a boy—the idol of his father, whom she loved with the devotion of woman's first and only love, and they were happy.

One evening as the fond mother was playing with her infant, which was suspended in a Wyya (a curiously constructed crib in which infants are placed, specimens of which may be seen in Catlin's exhibition) from a branch of a large oak tree—beneath which her husband was listlessly swinging in his grass hammock—an unknown Indian, who had been lurking throughout the day in a dense wood near by, was seen, just as the last rays of twilight died away, to rise from a mossy couch, and creep along in a half bent posture to the edge of the thicket near the

Wigwam, and in an instant the fond mother fell mortally wounded at the feet of her husband—an arrow had pierced her side, and before many minutes Allaha was a corpse.

The bold Yahchilanee, (war eagle) with a tearless eye, and a countenance expressive of the most intense anguish, leaned over his dying wife, uttering audibly at intervals "lepust, lepust!"—the breath is going, the breath is going! while an old crone of the tribe held the infant boy over the dying mother, to receive her parting spirit;—which is supposed to linger for a time with the offspring, and impart instructions which are to exert an influence upon its future destiny.

When it became evident that life was extinct, those around began to place the body in as compact a manner as possible, in the mode already described; it was then enveloped in a blanket and placed in a sitting posture.—The fire in

and around the Wigwam was extinguished, and all blankets, utensils, ornaments, &c. were collected together—two Indians then passed a pole through the upper part of the blanket containing the body, and marched off to a distance followed by the husband and friends.

Having selected a place for encampment, fires were again kindled—and now commenced the ceremonies preliminary to burying the dead. —A feast was held for three days—the body placed in the open air handsomely attired, and a large fire encircled it, which was kept up until the expiration of the feast, when the body was removed for burial. As no such ready-made cemetery as a hollow tree was convenient, the friends proceeded to construct a mausoleum of young pine trees laid upon each other, forming a hollow square—of sufficient height to receive the body in a sitting posture—into which the remains of Allaha were deposited;

together with all her cooking utensils, bedding, beads, belts, and bracelets; besides a supply of poultry and provisions—and finally a little negress was decapitated and placed beside her mistress as an attendant across the Big-Prairie, until she should arrive in the hunting grounds of the GREAT SPIRIT. A few Indian girls, who had followed the train, plucked wild flowers, and strewed them around the corpse—fit emblems of her own fragile and short-lived existence!—Lastly, the tomb was covered with earth.

Now commenced the wailing and lamentation for the dead—tearing of hair, with every gesticulation of the agony of extreme sorrow: not so with the sad and silent mourner—the widower;—

"No sigh nor moan escaped his quivering lips—
But the look of woe unutterable—
Extremity of earthly woe was there."

More than a year elapsed before the murderer fell under the knife of Yahchilanee—who never rested until satiated by the blood of the destroyer of his wife.

The Indian widower unbinds his hair, allowing it to float loose, and divests himself of every ornament for the space of three moons; during which time he appears sullen and gloomy, and enters on the chase only when the imperious demands of hunger impel him.

Of the private character of Econchatti-Mico, or of his wife, I have had no means of obtaining any intelligence beyond what little their child is able to communicate;—he remembers his father occasionally playing with, and caressing, him,—at times taking him on his knee, or carrying him on his back; and at night, in their open-air encampments, covering him with the same bear-skin. He can also recollect, that during the sickness of his mother, his father came frequently and

sat with her; manifesting, as far as his young memory serves, the ordinary feelings of a father and a husband; which, I venture to state, are quite as strong, if not more so, among those denominated "savages," than among their destroyers, or even the really civilized Europeans.

I can by no means arrive at any certainty with respect to the death of Econchatti-Mico; it has been said that he was killed in battle, and again, that he died while a prisoner in the Fort of St. Augustine.

PRINCE ECONCHATTI FIRST CAPTURED.

"Thou hast, by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captive."

SHAKSPEARE.

This event could not long have preceded the second time when young Oceola was taken prisoner, as the Seminole war did not commence until November, 1835, and he was again in the hands of his enemies, in August the following year; thus making it evident that this persecuted child became twice a prisoner of war within the space of a few months.

In relating this circumstance, he can only recall to his memory that the Indians had halted

in the Pine-forest for the night, and the following morning the *war-men* were obliged to leave their squaws and children to continue their journey unprotected, to their place of destination; they travelled alone for two or three days, when they were suddenly surrounded by soldiers on horseback, and taken prisoners.

The frantic mothers, with their children, were now driven, like a herd of cattle, to the nearest encampment of the Whites, and there placed upon baggage-waggons, to pursue their march towards the civilized districts of East Florida. They were several days travelling in this manner, sleeping at night under the broad face of Heaven, with a guard of soldiers placed over them.

On the road, Oceola saw many ruins of houses, recently destroyed by fire:—the whole district of country showed evidences of the devastating effect of war.

Rations of flour were issued for the Indian women and children, which they converted into cakes by placing them upon the coals of their fire. The young adventurer goes on to state that, whilst crossing a wide shallow stream, over which he was carried on the back of an Indian woman who had had the charge of him since the death of his mother, he observed a white man on the opposite bank making frequent threatening signs with a whip; menacing the women with a view to quell a sudden loud and garrulous impulse, which seemed to have seized them. They kept up constant noises and splashings in the water as they crossed, for the express purpose of being discovered by their friends, which the whites were, of course, anxious to prevent.

At length they arrived at the skirts of a village inhabited by white people, where they saw more soldiers: the prisoners bivouaced in the

vicinity—the guard remaining at a short distance. During the night, two Indian women, a little girl, and Oceola, took advantage of an *unguarded moment*, and effected their escape under the mantle of darkness. They walked the whole of that night, and continued on their retreat for two or three days—resting occasionally in the dense hammocks, and subsisting during the time on *water melons* and *Indian corn*. They at last arrived at a place where they had encamped previous to their being captured;—here they had the good fortune to meet the *war-men*—with whom, they spent the night around a cheerful fire, regaling themselves plentifully till they had satisfied their hunger.

We may picture to ourselves the wildness of this scene—and who can do otherwise than sympathize with these people on the raptures of their reunion after their unexpected escape from captivity?—the result of which would,

otherwise, have been either death or expatriation for many hundred miles, to a severe climate, and destined probably never again to meet those they held dear on earth.

It may be said, that human beings, in savage life, cannot possess in so high a degree, the enjoyments maintained by intellectual refinement; but, I contend they are more highly endued with the love of offspring than a great portion of civilized society.

Although an Indian woman has been known to stifle her child, that its cries might not betray a body of her people to an unsparing enemy, this apparently revolting and unnatural circumstance, does not detract from her feeling as a mother;—it appears to me an act of extraordinary heroism, evincing a power of mind, unknown since the days of ancient Sparta, or of Rome. Let me ask—would an Indian mother allow the fountain of life to the

infant to dry up, and consign her child to the care of a stranger, that she might be the better enabled to revel in dissipation and luxury—or drown or strangle her offspring to hide her own shame?—Never!! Yet such occurrences are daily witnessed in *civilized* society.

FIGHT FOR A HOG.

"You have brought your hogs to a fine market."

SPECTATOR.

Oceola remembers an engagement with soldiers, when Econchatti-Mico, with a party of Indians, had halted near one of the military encampments of the whites—and one of his men made free to help himself to a hog belonging, it is presumed, to the enemy. As they were quartering the prize they were suddenly charged by cavalry, and a smart contest ensued, in which the soldiers were repulsed—leaving, for the use of their victorious foes all their horses, but taking away with them their wounded comrades.

At the onset, all the women and children hurried away as rapidly as possible. Oceola was so near the scene of action that he distinctly heard a musket ball pass across his breast, the sound of which he knew by its peculiar *zing*. The horses appear to have fallen into their hands very opportunely—the worn-out squaws, with their young ones, were forthwith mounted as well as the men;—Oceola's father, he observes, caught "a first-rate one," on which he rode away with his son *en croupe*.

ECONCHATTI-MICO WOUNDED.

"I am faint, my gashes cry for help."

SHAKSPERE.

Our young Prince states, that the day on which his father was wounded, and on the previous one, they had endured much fatigue; marching through thick swamps and the interminable pine forests—and the greater part of the preceding night had been spent in a retreat from their enemies.

We may here figure to ourselves the distress of these poor fugitives, keeping in view the party, consisting in a great measure of houseless women and children, who knew no refuge or

shelter—frequently wanting fire and food, and chased by a merciless enemy, like herds of the wilderness, from one extremity to the other of a forest covering an area of fifty thousand miles.

Our youthful narrator speaks of his having been carried, on the back of his father, a great part of the way, until they halted towards evening in a dense thicket, so shaded that the sun could not penetrate.

The women and children were exhausted by the fatigues of the day's march, and now hoped for some respite from pain and toil—a cheerful fire was ignited, and they had begun to prepare refreshments of dried meat and Coontee—(a flour prepared from a wild root of the woods). In the midst of this miserable attempt to relieve the cravings of hunger, they were again surprised by an alarm—bloodhounds both biped and quadruped were again upon their tracks—

"Now all was hurry, and hot haste."

The blazing fire that seemed cheerfully to smile upon their afflictions, was speedily extinguished, and a few blankets which sometimes screened them from the fury of the elements, when suspended upon sticks, at others forming their only beds from damp and cold, were rapidly rolled up ready for a retreat. While the women were thus occupied, Nikkanochee remembers his father lifting him in his arms, that he might, even when so young, become accustomed to danger — he pointed out to him the steady approach of an enemy, whose muskets and bayonets gleamed in the brilliant golden hues of the setting sun.—After having stedfastly surveyed the phalanx of his foes, the boy was ordered by his father to rejoin the women and children, who had secreted themselves far in the tangled screens of the swampy hammock, while the warriors were left to defend them against the combined assaults of men and dogs; the

latter Oceola describes as having been very annoying.—*Vide Appendix.*

The whites were repulsed with a loss of some killed and wounded. When this skirmish was ended and the soldiers had yielded to the Indians, the proud privilege their forefathers boasted—the right of possession of the land they lived on,—Oceola discovered his heroic father laying upon the earth, pale and faint from loss of blood—a musket ball had passed through his wrist; of this touching scene, the boy gave a clear description in the most artless garb of truth.

Far less secure were these unhappy fugitives than the wild beasts of the forest—the chase of which ceases with the declining orb of day; but the native Red man, the true, the hereditary lord of the soil, who never slays but in self-defence, or to avenge the death of a friend or relative—to whom God hath given dominion

over the beasts of the field and forest to supply his wants—is persecuted, goaded, robbed, hunted, and at length destroyed, to make room for the innovations of civilized men; with whom, alas! too often, come rapine, debauchery, and "all the ills that flesh is heir to," in the walks of luxury and refinement.

After this action, in which Econchatti and several others were wounded, the Indians spent an anxious night in the hammock, and early in the morning, under dread of a reinforcement to the strength of their enemies, they again fled in search of safety for the women and children.

It starts the tear of pity to reflect upon the cruel persecutions of these unhappy people, in their struggle for freedom and their rights. They retreated through the dreary pine forests and muddy swamps and marshes, selecting those routes which would the most readily embarrass their pursuers. Oceola was at times carried

upon the back of his father, who swam thus with his child over deep, broad, and rapid rivers, stemming the waters with one hand—at other times, he says, he was whipped by his uncle Oceola, for not walking fast enough to keep pace with the fugitive party.

After a weary march of two nights and a day, they again selected a resting-place near the edge of a hammock, and had kindled a cheerful fire—around which, some had stretched themselves, whilst others were occupied in preparing a repast of wild turkey and deer, which had, during their journey, yielded to that silent messenger of death—the arrow.

A short respite to their toils and troubles was allowed by their enemies. No sooner had they tasted the blessings of rest, with the comfort of a blazing fire-side, than they were once more startled by the plashing of horses, and the noise of soldiers crossing a river near their unshel-

tered encampment. The Indians now cautiously extinguished their fire, and remained quiet, until their foes had passed without having discovered them; they then renewed their fire and their fare—watching throughout the night in dread of an attack.

Oceola remembers that his father's arm was bound up, and placed in a sling, after the manner in use amongst us—which was still carried in a sling on the day of his own capture; on this occasion it was, that he saw his father for the last time.

The history of the young Prince now becomes peculiarly interesting. We have no right to expect much to excite our wonder, or even our admiration, in the adventures of a child, as dictated by himself, previous to the age of six years—but when we reflect, that the sufferings and privations of this poor boy, hunted like a fawn, must have endured through a war in

which ten thousand disciplined troops, aided by ferocious BLOODHOUNDS, were continually upon the track of his persecuted tribe—not numbering two thousand warriors, whose almost only safety was in continued retreat through deep morasses, and almost impenetrable hammocks, or dense woods—bereft of their homes, and at times wanting the common sustenance of nature;—our warmest sympathies are roused in his behalf.

Not only are our feelings of commiseration confined to him, but they are widely diffused for the whole of his persecuted race.

The preceding pages show that a considerable portion of the life of this interesting child before his second captivity, formed a succession of events peculiarly harrassing; consequently we are not surprised that he appeared emaciated, feeble, and dejected, when he again fell into the hands of his enemies.

It is manifest to every reflecting mind that his steps were here directed by an all-wise Providence, who, in goodness and mercy, selected him from his unhappy tribe, to become, I trust, in future years, the means of conveying such information to his own people as may ultimately reconcile them to the new life they are undoubtedly destined to endure; for, there can be no scruple in saying, that these people, who once numbered upwards of a million, but now reduced to a few hundreds — must, ere long, submit to the dominion of stronger powers; however unjust the assumption of rights of conquest may be.

OCEOLA NIKKANOCHEE,

PRINCE OF ECONCHATTI, RECAPTURED.

"The tear down childhood's cheek that flows
Is like the dewdrop on the rose;—
When next the summer's breeze comes by,
And waves the bush—the flower is dry."

On the morning of the 26th of August, 1836, a little Indian Boy was brought a prisoner to Col. Warren, Commandant at the Military Station at Newnansville, having been captured on the preceding evening by soldiers, some miles from that place. The child seemed to be five or six years old; he was emaciated, and his general appearance indicated extreme suffering; he spoke not—and for at least three weeks he maintained nearly a perfect silence—he was

apparently brooding over what he felt was a heavy misfortune, and was evidently well aware that he was in the hands of those whom he knew to be his enemies—he looked cautiously and quickly around him whenever a sound reached his ears.—The most trifling movement of those about him did not escape his notice—he manifested an extreme apprehension of danger, and it was thought that he was perpetually on the watch for an opportunity to escape.

Whatever passed in his infant brain, it was quite clear that he did not contemplate starvation, as he ate the bread and milk which was given him, accepting it however, with indifference or shyness, and again relapsing into his state of sadness when his meal was finished;—he was never heard to sob, cry, nor moan, but generally sat on the floor crosslegged—motionless and thoughtful, and appeared overwhelmed with

a melancholy, which, in one so young, was touching to witness.

The report of his capture was as follows.—On the 25th of August, 1836, a scouting party of five soldiers set out from Newnansville to scour the surrounding country, and look out for signs of Indians. Early in the morning they disturbed several who were helping themselves to some sweet potatoes, in a fenced field belonging to a deserted residence: the Indians took the alarm time enough to leap over the fence and make their escape, retreating over a small stream into the forest, through which the soldiers followed the trails of one or two a short distance; they then deemed it prudent to return, not knowing the strength of the enemy, and again made their way into one of the military roads lately made in Florida, where they soon fell upon the tracks of footsteps of an Indian child, rendered distinct by rain which had

recently fallen; these they determined to pursue, considering it tolerably certain that they would be led thereby to one of the encampments of the tribe.

The soldiers declared that they followed this child from the rising to the setting of the sun, and were convinced that they must have traversed a distance not less than forty miles.

It may seem incredible in this country that a child so young could possibly walk thus far in the time specified, yet I cannot for a moment doubt it; such a feat is by no means uncommon in Florida—little negroes of a similar age will often accompany their parents on foot from Jacksonville to St. Augustine, and reach the end of their journey in a day; these places are about the same distance from each other.

Towards nightfall they came in sight of the little wanderer, he having in fact lost his way. With that quickness of hearing which charac-

terizes all creatures in a wild state, he seemed to be aware of the approach of his pursuers, for they saw him bounding like a fawn to seek the covert of the bushes, and there they found him concealed in the high grass.

On being seized he uttered a scream of terror, expecting instant death; but he soon smiled through his fast falling tears, and in an imploring attitude held up a peach in his little hand, which he seemed to offer as a ransom for his life! He was immediately placed on horseback behind one of the soldiers, and it was quite dark before they reached Newnansville, where he was taken in charge by one of them for the night, who fed the poor little famished prisoner with a bowl of milk, and gave him a blanket, in which he wrapped himself after the Indian fashion, and lying down before the fire was soon asleep.

I now feel ashamed to mention a fact which

23586

will startle my readers—but were I not to do so, I should not only fail in doing justice to one of the soldiers, whose conduct on this occasion does him honour, but should leave a very incorrect impression, as to the nature of the warfare carried on against these hapless Indians, besides passing over a circumstance of great interest in the eventful life of the boy.

Will it be believed that a dispute arose among the soldiers, as to the propriety of at once destroying their little captive? the *majority* deeming it right to sacrifice every Indian, whether man, woman, or child! At length JAMES SHIELDS, to his renown be it mentioned, succeeded in preventing the perpetration of this horrid barbarity, and it is owing to his resolute interference, and to that alone, that the poor little fellow was brought into Newnansville ALIVE!!

Oh! ye happy parents of this highly enviable

country! compare the lot of your own blessed offspring, with that of this Indian Child—at an age which by you is considered one of nearly perfect enjoyment—when their little wants and wishes are studied and provided for with the most anxious solicitude—when nothing which can contribute to their health or welfare is for a moment neglected—when instructors begin to be provided, and the early buddings of intellect are watched for and observed with rapture indescribable—whose joy is your own, and who in fact constitute almost your second and dearer existences:—at the same age this Indian Child was a wanderer in a wild and desolate country, amidst interminable forests—beset by dangers —beyond the assistance of his father or kindred, and going he knew not whither!—But the hand of PROVIDENCE led him in safety through the wilderness, and we can

now listen to his own artless and truthful tale of this eventful day of his early life.

Oceola well remembers the greater part of what happened to him when he was captured, and that only have I determined to write, and as nearly as possible in his own words.

PRINCE ECONCHATTI'S NARRATION.

He says that he, with his father and some more Indians were travelling, and came to a house which was deserted—in the garden belonging to which some sweet potatoes were growing: he had been carried on the back of a man, as were some other children, who let him down outside the fence, and then clambered with the other men into the "potatoe patch;" they had none of them, that he knew, tasted food that morning; he himself had not.

Almost immediately they were alarmed by soldiers, and the Indians quickly returned over the fence, when Oceola saw his father beckoning him to come on, but the white people

came so quickly, that he was obliged to join the rest in their flight.

There was a rivulet which the Indians all leaped, and in endeavouring to follow them he partly gained the opposite bank, but fell back into it—he got up and reached the other side, when he tripped against a vine root and again fell; on getting up and running forward he could see none of his companions, except an old Indian, who did not appear to see him—they had all, according to their custom, dispersed in different directions.

It may appear to those unacquainted with Indian life, cruel for a father to abandon his child under such circumstances, at the risk of his falling into the hands of an unfeeling enemy; but Indian children are early taught the habits of all wild creatures, and in case of surprise know how to secrete themselves in the bushes or high grass, or in the hollow of a tree, and in places

where few whites would suspect their being concealed; whilst the parents and warriors take measures for their own safety, and at the same time by attacking or drawing off their enemies from the place, secure that of their children. The child thus hidden lies as still as a partridge, till the danger being over, the father or mother repair to the spot, and by a peculiar call or cry, which is adopted by each family, he starts up and they become re-united.

The child continued his flight; he remembers passing an old house, and came into the road—he was not yet frightened, as he fancied he was following his people, in consequence of observing an old coffee-pot with something green in it placed on a log, and which he had seen in an Indian woman's hand in the early part of the day.—This is another of their means of directing stragglers in their flight—dropping unimportant articles, breaking down small twigs

from the bushes as they pass, and pointing them in the proper direction, with many other signs, known only to themselves.

He continued along the road, and saw the tracks of baggage waggons and picked up a musket ball; after this he saw no signs of the way his people had gone, and then he says he "began not to like it much;" he soon after came in sight of a small village or settlement of the whites, whereupon he struck out of the road, and skulked along at some distance behind the bushes, so as to keep himself out of sight—the place, like all others in the neighbourhood, was deserted—he obtained the road again, and late in the afternoon came to another deserted house, adjoining which was a peach-orchard.

Having had no breakfast, nor eaten nor drunk during the whole day, he went in and satisfied his hunger with peaches; he took a few away with him, placing them in the front part of his

dress. It was getting dusk when he left the peach-orchard, and had not gone far before he heard a noise — looking round him he saw soldiers at a distance; he then ran with all his might — the soldiers gallopped after him; he soon saw they were getting too near, therefore struck off the road, and hid himself in the grass; he saw some of the men come up and stop near his hiding-place, but one of them, it seems, had marked him, and rode directly to the place of his concealment, and calling out to the other men, leaped from his horse and took him by the arm. Oceola then began to cry, thinking he was going to be killed, at the same time he offered *one* of his peaches, hoping that might save his life.

The soldier took it and smiled, then returned it to him, and taking him up in his arms,

mounted his horse and placed him behind him, and then they went on.

The men talked nearly all the way until they reached Newnansville, when it was quite dark—the soldiers took him to a house, and gave him a bowl of milk and a blanket, then went up stairs to bed; he drank the milk, feeling very hungry, and then wrapped himself up in the blanket before a good fire and went to sleep.

Although awake early on the following morning, he did not move till the soldier came down stairs, when he was taken by the hand and led into the guard-room· here he saw Col. Warren for the first time, who consigned him to the care of James Shields; at his house he had no food given to him until dinner time, when he had some bread and other food. Shields treated him with great kindness, and never trusted him out of his sight—he made

him sleep on a little moss bed, in the same room with him.

For breakfast he had bread and butter, but the butter he disliked, and scraped it off with his fingers.

A day or two after his arrival in Newnansville, he witnessed the funerals of two soldiers; sights, which he unhesitatingly says gave him great pleasure. Child as he then was, he had already imbibed a strong hatred to all white people, but of course to soldiers in particular—the persecutors and slayers of his race!

In a few days he was elated by a discovery that the place was surrounded by Indians, when he felt great hopes of obtaining his deliverance, and restoration to his friends; he knew this by the noise and stir—by Col. Warren buckling on his sword, and the soldiers arming themselves; he did not know that any one was killed, he heard no guns fired, and

thinks the Indians went away again without attempting anything.

It is not at all improbable that some of the Indians with their ordinary precaution, had, in their turn, tracked the soldiers and the child, until he was taken prisoner by them; and that the anxious father returned upon the back trail as far as Newnansville, and then, aided by an increased number of warriors, surrounded the place with the intention of effecting the young Prince's deliverance. But the poor boy's hopes were doomed to disappointment, for at this juncture, a reinforcement of troops arrived, and but just in time to save the whole garrison from the scalping knives of the outraged Seminoles; this, although he knew it not, was the cause of the dispersion of the Indians, without their making any attempt at his rescue.

It was well known to the officers in Newnansville that the Chief—Oceola—at the time

commanded in person, and they now surmised that their prisoner was one of too important a character to be allowed to remain among them; consequently, soon after this event he was removed under a guard (but still in the immediate charge of James Shields) to the private residence of Col. Warren, at Jacksonville; a town many miles beyond the Indian frontier. Instead of sending Oceola a prisoner to head-quarters, Col. Warren, with commendable kindness and generosity, removed him with his family to his country residence, where he passed about a year, and here placed him with his own children, with whom he ate, drank, played, and slept. Although the child of their enemies, he soon engaged the affections and kindly feelings of the Colonel's whole establishment. It not unfrequently occurred, that when boyish dissensions arose, and complaints were brought to him by his own children of

the infringement of the young Indian on the rules of play, he would be but little inclined to take their part, but admonish them to be more kind and conciliatory to the little captive.

For the convenience of the reader I will now interrupt the thread of the narrative. The child is passing his time in an estimable family, where we will for the present leave him, and revert to the earlier part of his existence. Doubtless much curiosity is felt to know how he passed the first few years of infantile life, previous to his being taken prisoner, from the insight it may afford into the domestic habits of the Indians—what were his amusements, and those of other children of his tribe—his recollections of his parents and relations, and of events which took place during, what we call, "the happy days of childhood." This part of my undertaking must, however, for obvious reasons, be but imperfectly accomplished, but it shall be attempted.

PRINCE ECONCHATTI'S REMEMBRANCES OF HIS EARLY DAYS.

"Sometimes forgotten things, long cast behind,
Rush forward in the brain and come to mind."

SHAKSPEARE.

It need hardly be said that the childish years of Oceola were passed not in the lap of comfort and security, but in an almost constant struggle with dangers and privations; or in endeavours to elude the pursuit of his white enemies; to effect which, his tribe was kept in a perpetual state of watchfulness.

Previous to this state of life, which commenced with the outbreaking of the war; his remembrances of the days he spent in the wilderness, must of course be very limited and

unimportant; still we cannot but feel an interest in almost every circumstance connected with this child of a noble Chief—the ruler of a warlike people.

Before the epoch alluded to, he spent his days with other boys in rambles about the forest in the vicinity of his home. The older boys would avail themselves of the dark nights to go into the hammocks, with torches made of split resinous pine wood, to seek among the low branches of trees for the opossums, which when discovered, they knocked on the head with sticks—this, and the amusement of shooting the racoon by day with bows and arrows, afforded them much delight.

His ordinary food consisted of roasted turkey or meat, chiefly Echa or deer's flesh, and Saufkee or Indian corn bruised in a mortar and boiled, called by the Americans homminy. The mortar was a block of wood hollowed out; the pestle

of which was formed of a piece of hard wood about three feet long, heavy and large at each end—the pot in which the food was cooked was made of clay, shaped by the hand and dried in the sun, and then baked in the fire; these utensils are always ornamented with indentations and marks. They eat their food out of gourds with wooden spoons. Sometimes squirrels were skinned and roasted, at other times they were rolled and tied up like a ball and put into the ashes, and skinned when they were sufficiently cooked. Their thirst was generally quenched at the limpid stream, in large leaves, so twisted as to make a cup.

When not encamped, or in a house, Oceola usually slept on the ground, under trees in the woods; generally with some kind of covering, as a deer-skin, bear-skin, or blanket.

He was once, by some accidental circum-

stance, lost in the woods, and after rambling nearly the whole day in search of his father's encampment, he saw at a distance the smoke curling above the trees; even this cheering sight did not induce him to run at once to the spot from whence it came, but he cautiously reconnoitred about until he heard his own tongue, and felt well assured he had not mistaken the camp of an enemy for his own. He found his friends engaged over their evening meal, consisting of a dish of fried potatoes, in which he partook with the avidity of a boy who had fasted the whole day.

MASK DANCE.

The only juvenile sports of which he has a clear recollection, and which he witnessed when too young to join in them, are the Ball-play (described in another chapter) and one called the "Mask Dance:"—his recital of the latter amusing ceremony, is distinct enough to enable him to give a tolerable description of it.

It is begun by the smaller boys, whose faces are covered with masks made of the bark of the cypress tree, in which holes are cut for them to see through; these grotesque screens to their merry faces, are raised high above the head, but do not descend below the chin.

The children becoming thoroughly enlivened

by dancing round a fire—the *war-men*, as Oceola always terms the fighting characters, and larger boys approach, with their faces also covered in the same manner—they seat themselves at a distance and watch the antics of the juveniles, till they themselves are constrained to join the boys and much fun ensues.—Here may be witnessed the noble warrior, like the famous Roman emperor Aurelius, throwing off his dignity, and happy in partaking the amusements of his children—here is the wild Indian —the lordly nobleman of nature, rioting in the affectionate feelings of a father, and relaxing his distant bearing and dignified demeanour; the remainder of the tribe sitting round, spectators of a scene, which, from associations or incidents unknown to us, doubtless affords all parties the highest enjoyment; inasmuch as these festivities commencing as darkness sets in, do not finish till day-break.

In the midst of this joyous assemblage rushes on a sudden from the bushes, a man terrifically decorated, holding in his hand a branch of some weed—an immediate yell of pretended alarm breaks forth from the athletic adults, and the really dismayed youngsters scamper off in every direction.

The phantom of the forest jumping through the fire, seizes any boy whom he can catch, and tickles him till his mask falls off; after leaping a few times through the fire, he retires to the bushes. The boys return, and each by dancing, and dreading a renewal of the tickling, is excited to the highest pitch of wariness and activity, increased by the apprehension of the reappearance of the "*Hulwagus.*" When a few more of the youths have been caught and unmasked their part is finished, and the dances of the war-men succeed, and Hulwagus continues to play his pranks among them.

Those of the tribe who choose to continue, witness displays of personal strength on the part of the youthful warriors, to which the gymnastic exercises of ancient Greece were mere child's play; the festival concludes by a substantial *breakfast* of roasted venison.

This sport seems calculated to harden the nerves of the young Indians, and to accustom them to sudden surprises from their enemies; in which the tactics of Indian warfare chiefly consist.

These and other amusements suited to childhood, were however but rarely indulged in after the war began—the fatigue consequent upon a hard day's march, in which the children were compelled to partake, though often carried upon the backs of their parents, inclined them to little else than to food and sleep. An ingenious and rational operation was usually performed, when the long travel of the day was

likely to occasion stiffness, and thus impede their journey on the succeeding one; to this operation, when thought requisite, both old and young were compelled to submit. Oceola has often undergone it, and says he did not think it very painful; it consists in scarifying the legs and ankles with sharp fish-bones, till the blood flows in sufficient quantity to afford relief, and to prevent both swelling and stiffness—it seems to be an established custom, and is doubtless an effectual one.

On the return of Colonel Warren with his family to Jacksonville, the little Indian accompanied them, and again became my frequent visitor; the interest I had previouly felt for him was revived with increased force. He had now acquired a sufficient knowledge of English to make himself tolerably well understood; his health had greatly improved, and he had grown a pretty and interesting child: although he had

become communicative with his young companions, he was, with older persons, still shy and reserved; and no one had yet succeeded in eliciting from him his own name, or that of his parents; or could induce him to say anything relating to his family or tribe—subjects on which he was always silent. Entertaining, as my reader has already been informed, a strong feeling of regard for the Indian character, my sympathies for the little captive became daily more strongly excited; as I fancied I observed in him the dawning of the good qualities peculiar to his race; and reflected, that notwithstanding the kind treatment he now received, he would eventually be claimed as a prisoner of war, and undergo the fate which many of his exiled tribe had already suffered.

His peculiar situation at length determined me, if possible, to constitute myself his guardian; and Colonel Warren being on the point of

making an important change in his own family, gave me an opportunity of preferring my request: it was willingly granted, and this friendless child accordingly came under my immediate protection on the 31st of October, 1837.

This change, separating him from his young companions, caused him to relapse into his former taciturnity, observable in him when he was first captured—his fear of strangers was very great, and of the white country people, or *Crackers*, as they are there called, he had a particular dread; no sooner did he apprehend their arrival than he instantly flew to some place of concealment.

That he should have displayed such an aversion cannot be wondered at, as he knew they had frequently expressed a threat to kill him the first opportunity that offered with safety to themselves; among whom the destruction of an Indian, however small, would have been a satisfactory achievement.

I now sent him to a school, with the children of several respectable families in the neighbourhood, kept by a lady of conciliatory manners and superior understanding. For several days no perceptible change took place; he returned home regularly, and would quietly squat himself on the floor by the side of his adopted mother, not noticing any kind greeting or marked attention. He would join the family at meals, signifying his acceptance of what was offered by a nod of his head—a shake of which denoted his refusal. He gave a marked preference to vegetable and farinaceous food of the simplest kind, and objected to all stimulating condiments. Malt liquor, wine, and spirits he decidedly refused, but of lemonade or sweetened water he partook freely—on sweets in general he delighted to feast abundantly.

It was truly pleasing to watch the early buddings of his infant mind, and to observe his

gradual approach towards the habits of civilized life. At night he willingly came to the side of his foster-parent, who taught him on his knees, to offer up his first prayer to his Heavenly Father. It was long before he could repeat by heart the LORD'S PRAYER—but seemed desirous to please in his efforts to pronounce the words clearly and with precision.

Miss D—— was earnestly requested to exert the influence she maintained as governess, to learn from the child the names of himself and family, in which she succeeded as far as that of himself and his father—he whispered his own name with extreme caution—it was Nikkanochee. When he divulged this first secret, he looked round timidly to discover if any one noticed him—Miss D—— immediately committed it to paper, and without his cognizance handed it to my wife.

Elated with her success, she urged him to disclose the name of his father. To show the extraordinary discretion of one so young, he now tells me he gave her, and others, the name of *another* Indian, that his father might not be discovered, and it was some time after this that he told us who his father really was, which we then understood to be Conchatti.

His reserve gradually abated, and by degrees he made known to us a portion of his early history. Among other subjects of inquiry, I will name one which threw further light upon his family connections. He came home one day from school in tears; and complained that Miss D—— had whipped him, and on being asked if he had ever been whipped whilst with his tribe, he replied "Yes;"—his uncle had once punished him with small switches to make him walk faster, when probably retreating from their

enemies, and on being questioned what was the name of his uncle, in an instant he answered Oceola.

The relationship between Oceola and his father was afterwards satisfactorily explained to me by Captain John Graham, of the United States army; who lived several years on the Indian frontier, and was intimate with Oceola, whose niece he married, and by whom he had a family. Dining at the house of Judge Reid at St. Augustine, who is now governor of Florida, on the 1st of August, 1838, a conversation was started between Mrs. Reid and myself respecting the little Indian boy, with regard to whom she had always manifested a warm interest; some pleasant bantering ensued on my venturing to express a supposition that he was nephew of the great Oceola: Captain Graham, who was present, inquired the name of the boy's father, a lady having jokingly re-

marked that the child must be, also, a relation of his. I told him that his father's name was Conchatti; when to the surprise of Mrs. Reid, and my own peculiar gratification, he said that Econchatti, (or as he was more generally called, *Econchatti-Mico,*) married the sister of Oceola, and that consequently the boy's statement must be correct. All were now convinced that the little Indian was in reality the nephew of Oceola.

This information was subsequently confirmed by Dr. Simmons of St. Augustine, than whom perhaps no man in Florida is better informed in all relating to the Seminoles and their language: he was well acquainted both with Oceola and Econchatti, and explained to me the meaning of the name of the latter.

Econchatti-Mico, he informed me, was his official name; that he was always thus called by his tribe in their "talk" with the whites; his name being thus written in all treaties made

between them and the Indians; extracts from some of these documents proving which, will be found in the Appendix. That he was king of a tribe of Indians inhabiting a district of country called the "Red Hills," as his name implies—"Econ," meaning hill or hills—Chatti, red—Mico or Micco, King.

After staying at the town of Jacksonville about a year, I purchased an estate near the mouth of the St. John's river, to which with my *protegée* I removed, and there we remained until May 31st, 1840. Here he had full opportunities of indulging his taste for the wilder accomplishments of hunting and fishing, preferring then, naturally enough, to all else we endeavoured to teach him. His courage was remarkable; undauntedly he would climb the highest trees to rouse the racoon from his lair of sticks and dried leaves, and soon became per-

fect in loading a double-barrelled gun, which he as readily fired when permitted to do so.

At this time, he was supposed to be not more than eight years of age, but, on every occasion manifested the hardihood and freedom from fear peculiar to his race. At one time, I watched both with pleasure and anxiety his manœuvres with an alligator not less than twelve feet long, with which he was playfully amusing himself: he had thrown aside his dress, as was his custom in hot weather, whilst fishing on the bank of the St. John's river. The huge amphibious monster moved stealthily along at the water's edge, and the boy would now and then wait within a few feet of his greedy foe— and as it advanced he would feign fear and retreat a few paces; then again watch quietly the approach of the hideous creature, poising a small spear which he always carried with him when seeking for fish. At length, knowing the habits of

these animals, I perceived the alligator in right earnest preparing for his deadly attack; I therefore sprang forward and saved the boy from the impending danger; my presence alarmed the alligator, when, without making a ripple on the surface, it sank to the bottom of the river.

I interrogated the boy as to his intentions had the alligator molested him; he replied with perfect confidence and unconcern, "*I would have hit him right in the eye,*" suiting with his spear, the action to the word. This weapon he would use with wonderful precision and skill. The eyes of soles, when their bodies are covered by mud, are visible to none but a keen and practised observer: these fish I have seen him strike accurately with his spear, and raise them triumphantly in the air.

In reference to the alligators' mode of attack, I may mention that on shore they sometimes attempt to seize with the mouth, but more

generally trip up their prey with the tail; the victim is then dragged into the water and held beneath by the mouth alone until dead; it is afterwards devoured ashore. A hearty meal lasts them for several days; and previous to burying themselves in the mud for the winter months, they swallow a large piece of wood, or some other hard substance, to keep the stomach distended until the following spring.

Oceola soon became an expert swimmer, and could paddle my small canoe with great dexterity. His endurance of fatigue in the woods was surprising; often when loitering after a walk of about twenty miles, he has laughed at my weariness, whilst he himself was fresh and active.

ANECDOTES AND PECULIARITIES OF INDIANS.

It is generally believed that Indians are not easily roused from their dignified and serious deportment, unless excited by anger; and that they are not readily fascinated by the charms of woman; but if the following be a correct statement, of which there can be no doubt, as the scene was witnessed by hundreds—then I say, they are susceptible in an eminent degree of the witchery of female beauty, heightened by the powers of dramatic art. In this instance at least, their gallantry could not be surpassed by the most refined gentleman in Europe.

A SCENE at the THEATRE in WASHINGTON.

FROM AN AMERICAN PAPER.

It was a novel and exciting spectacle at the Theatre, on the occasion of Miss Nelson's benefit. The boxes and the parquette were filled. On the left of the stage sat a delegation of Indian Chiefs, representing the Sioux, Ioways, Sacs, and Foxes, of the Missouri river. With a single exception, not one of them had ever before visited the settlements of his white brethren. Before them, in the parquette, they beheld a crowd of civilized men, mingled with whom were the kindred of some of them, the Sioux from the Falls of St. Anthony; part of these dressed in the military coats, with epaulettes, and hats, with silver bands, and

others in the new blankets and leggings they had that day received as a present from their Great Father*—In the boxes was an array of females, looking with strange interest on these sons of the forest. But the attraction for the party on the left of the stage was the agile and fairy figure of the Mountain Sylph. As she descended, and her feet touched lightly the stage, their cries mingled with the plaudits of their white brethren. As she moved from place to place, appearing and vanishing with a rapidity that reminded them of the fleetness of the deer in their native hunting grounds, their interest became more intense. One of them, Pa-la-ne-a-pa-pi (the man struck by a Rickaree) a young chief of the Yanctons, suddenly rose, and threw at her feet the splendid war-cap, composed of feathers of the war-eagle, which he had often worn in bloody conflicts with the

* The President.

enemies of his people. Most gracefully did the Sylph receive the offering, and appended it to her own rich costume.

A few moments passed, and an aged Sac Chief, Po-ko-na (the plume) who, during a long life has been distinguished for his friendship for the Americans, especially in the war of 1812, moved by a sudden impulse, made to her an oblation of his own war-cap. To-ka-ca (the man that inflicted the first wound) a celebrated brave of the Yanctons, almost immediately afterwards presented her with a splendid robe of the skins of the white wolf, which he had worn only at the more imposing ceremonies of his tribe. A buffalo robe, richly ornamented, was next the gift of Ha-sa-za (the forked horn) the second chief of the Yanctons. And Mou-ka-ush-ka, (the trembling earth) a young brave of rank, of the same tribe, bestowed another robe, of similar fabric and workmanship. At

the presentation of his gift, each of these Chiefs and warriors addressed to the Sylph some words of compliment; the last declaring that he made his offering "to the Beauty of Washington." With grateful ease she expressed her regret that she could not speak to them in their native language, and thank them for their splendid donations; and she requested the interpreter to tell them that she should ever regard them as friends and brethren. Then, advancing to the box, she presented to each a beautiful ostrich plume, which they immediately placed upon their head-dresses. At the close, as she was ascending, she spread over her brow the splendid war-cap of eagle feathers, producing a most magical effect.

It would be vain to attempt to convey to those who were not present, an idea of the impression created by such an unwonted and unexpected exhibition of interest and admira-

tion by these untutored men, who, for the first time, witnessed what they must have deemed a more than human exhibition of power. And well may the sylph felicitate herself upon having kindled so vividly their susceptibilities, and obtained from them such costly tokens of their admiration.

INDIAN DOCTORS IN FLORIDA.

The practice of the Seminole "Faculty," is confined exclusively to roots and herbs — of which an endless variety abound in the pine-woods and swamps of Florida. Steaming, and bleeding, also enter largely into their *modus operandi*.—The former is effected by the steam of water, in which herbs have been boiled; the patient, after having undergone this operation, is well soused with cold water. Phlebotomy is performed by a piece of broken glass bottle or a fish bone. Enchanted water is another remedy used by this superstitious people — a small quantity from some limpid spring is placed in a gourd, and a particular kind of root chipped into it; the doctor then blows upon it, utter-

ing some unintelligible words, when the *holy water* is fit for use.

When an individual of the tribe is taken sick, and has called in medical aid, the doctor never leaves the patient until a change for the better is observed, or the spirit departs for the unknown land of the dead. He is perfectly devoted to the invalid, administering all his potions with his own hands — and, that the friends may not suspect him of mal-practice in case of death, he himself takes a dose similar to the one administered—no matter how often, or how nauseous it be—he swigs it down each time he prescribes for his patient; and if his applications do not effect a cure, no charge is made.

If the Legislatures of all civilized communities would enact a law to the same effect in relation to doctors—*id est*, to take their own potions as often as they administered them, many valuable lives might be spared.

AMUSEMENTS.

Dancing is, with the Seminoles, as it is with all wild nations, a favorite amusement;—no undertaking of importance can be commenced or terminated by them without a dance. Dancing comprises a part of their religious devotions—the sprightly time of marriage—hailing the new-born child—to the more solemn ceremony of death;—preparing for battle—or the execution of a prisoner or a criminal;—the first fruit-offering to the Great Spirit—going to, and returning from the chase—all are attended by a dance!

The names of some of their dances sound unmusical and harsh to ears refined; as, the

Wolf—the Bear—the Panther—Alligator, &c. Of all their dances, the War dance, and the Green-Corn dance, are the most imposing and amusing.

In performing those named after different objects of the chase, they dress themselves in the skins of the creature they wish to represent, carefully covering their own head with that part of the skin—they then commence by imitating the movements, *rampant et couchant* — with bellowing, roaring, or growling, as the case requires—dancing round in a circle—their feet keeping time to any of the aforesaid accompaniments, aided by a sort of tambourine, beaten with a stick.

This movement requires a great deal of muscular exertion, and is continued, without intermission, for a long time—probably half the same kind of exertion would completely

prostrate the strength of the most athletic white man.

At the conclusion of the dance a loud whooping is commenced, and they generally break away upon a run in pursuit of one another.

THE WAR DANCE.—This ceremony is strictly prohibited in times of peace, and is punishable by death, unless consent of the King be obtained. —Many travellers in Florida have pretended to give a description of the War dance, but I have the authority of the oldest residents in the country who have lived years with the Seminoles, and who spoke their language fluently—that they never, although at frequent entreaties, could induce them to perform it; and I, myself, have repeatedly urged individual Indians to favor me with the war-whoop, but could never succeed during peace; but, after the commencement of hostilities, they were liberal to an unpleasant

degree, without the ceremony of being "called upon."

Mr. Catlin, in his '*Tableaux Vivants Indiennes*,' gives a most animated, and, I have no doubt, a correct representation of this thrilling ceremony. —He lived eight years among the wildest tribes, who were at war with each other; consequently, where a white man had probably never before been seen, he was considered neutral, or identified with the party he happened to be residing with; therefore, he has had better opportunities of witnessing the War-dance, and their other ceremonies, than any other white man. As any attempt I might make to convey a comprehension of this *fête* could not possibly approach near to reality, I strongly urge my reader to visit the Egyptian Hall, where there is much to gratify the curious —both in the representations and costumes— and also in the splendid collection of Indian curiosities and paintings.

THE GREEN-CORN DANCE—is an annual festival; it occurs at the return of every season, when the maize or Indian corn has so far advanced as to be fit for boiling or roasting, which is probably a month or six weeks before it is thoroughly *hard ripe.* At this time, the whole nation meet at one particular spot for a grand and joyous *fête*—and to which, in times of peace, the pale-faced neighbours are invited.

This festival is supposed by many to have some analogy with the purification of the ancient Jews. It seems here to have for its design, purification as much as any other object—for the ceremonies anterior to the dance commence by medicine and bleeding. A large vessel of medicated liquid, called *the black drink,* is prepared, of which every individual of the tribes (for all are present) is compelled to partake—no one is exempt—no apology received—all must

swallow it down, until they sicken and reel under its nauseating influence.

It is a powerful cathartic, which cleanses the system, and is supposed to be a promoter of health for the ensuing year. During this operation, blood-letting is also performed, as if to expel everything detrimental from the system; after which, ablutions complete the cleansing part of the ceremony. During this time all fires are extinguished—and now commences the offering to the GREAT SPIRIT: a fresh fire is produced by rubbing together two pieces of wood, which is attended with great exertion before ignition is effected; then a large pot, filled with green corn, is placed upon the fire—this is then burnt as an offering; after which, commences the boiling and roasting for the company.

There can be no doubt that the reason why Indians take the "black drink" is, that they

think the system requires this annual refreshment—and, by way of enforcing this opinion upon the tribes, their doctors, magicians, or lawgivers—for all these professions are exercised by the same individual, have converted it into a religious ceremony.

Another design is, to make these days of rejoicing, that the seasons again give promise of being fruitful—that the FATHER OF BREATH has smiled upon the fruits of the earth, and that the genial influence of his servant, the Sun, is hastening them on to perfection. This is their rude way of offering the tribute of grateful hearts for HIS beneficence, and invoking HIS aid and blessing on the future.

During these days of hilarity there is an interchange of good feeling, and the cultivation of social affections among themselves; the lines of distinction among the various tribes, which are at all other times strictly observed, are here

merged, and they meet and mingle like a band of brothers. On this occasion, if any one, who, during the past year, has committed a crime—no matter how heinous, unless it be murder—can contrive to skulk unobserved into the ring, while the ceremony is going on, no questions are asked, and he is at once restored to his former rank, and begins the new era as much respected as any of his tribe.

There is no Indian ceremony that tends so much to soften their stern nature as the Green-Corn dance. The young Sanhops or Braves, with their squaws, enter heart and soul into the sports of the time—while the old warriors, with their wives, look on in placid enjoyment—and when any great feat of agility is performed, they signify their admiration by grunting out, "Matto, matto!"—which ejaculation is commonly used to express thanks—it seems equally applicable to praise.

The Green-Corn festivals are also attended by games of ball. The BALL PLAY is performed by the young men, with a kind of spoon with a long handle, the bowl of which is coarsely wickered—the ball is thrown and caught in these instruments with much dexterity. *Foot-ball* is also a favorite amusement.

During this time the greatest good feeling exists—no bickerings or jealousy are allowed to manifest themselves—all join in applauding the warrior who performs the most distinguished feats. The young men here, as in the days of chivalry, glory in their achievements; each enjoys a conviction that his "ladye love" is made proud by his distinction — and thinks himself amply repaid for his laborious exertions by the melting glances of her dark eye. Like the Grecian games, they too serve to develop and strengthen the frame, and render the war-

rior better able to endure the fatigues of the chase, and the toils of war.

This festival strongly resembles one that was held among the natives of Mexico, as described by Salis, the Spanish historian, who accompanied the expedition of Cortez to the conquest of that country.—The rite described by him, however, was purely a religious one, mingled with a thousand barbarous and superstitious ceremonies. All was performed in a square, at the foot of an immense Temple in the great City of Tenuchtitlan — at which time human victims were sacrificed to the Sun.

The Temple was dedicated to the Sun, and its principal front was towards the east. One large room in this huge building was occupied by the High Priest, around the walls of whose apartment were suspended upon strings—the *skulls* of all who had been dedicated to the great luminary of day.

It would be an interesting task for the inquisitive scholar to trace out the analogy between the customs of these two species of a common race of people, and their origin, back to the ancient Jews (if from them they originate), and to examine into the causes which have operated to produce the several changes in a common custom—and, finally, to modify it from a barbarous rite into a useful and joyous festival.

ETIQUETTE.

In conversation the Indians never interrupt each other; those who are listening incline their heads, and look upon the ground in an attitude of attention. When one has finished his discourse, he who replies says 'che! mar ma watster,' meaning very well, and he then commences, the other listening with the same polite attention.

The squaws generally, with the exception of the wives of the chiefs, perform all the drudgery. In travelling with their Papooses (children), they carry them in a Wyya, suspended at the back by a broad strap across the forehead. On the top of this convenient contrivance is sometimes

placed a heavy load, surmounted by another child astride, holding on to the hair of the mother's head.

If the husband and wife hunt in company, which they sometimes do—the spouse is loaded first, and sent home—and when the men hunt alone, the fruit of the chase is carried home, and thrown down at the door of the wigwam—the hostess then performs all the sundry offices of skinning, cleaning, and cooking.

When an Indian from a neighbouring tribe makes a visit, he calls upon no particular individual, no matter how extensive his acquaintance may be—he marches directly to the council house, and seats himself upon a skin on the floor (from which he never rises with the assistance of hands, but by an easy spring he gracefully erects himself); any one seeing him, carries the intelligence to the chief of a stranger's arrival, who repairs thither, and seats himself by the

side of his guest—not a word or look is exchanged until food is brought; then, after refreshment, conversation commences, which is never of a scandalous nature. If an Indian thinks himself, or his family, or his friend, injured by another, he disdains to speak of it to a stranger, if he does not resent it himself.

THE

SEMINOLES' OPINION

OF THE

ORIGIN OF THE HUMAN RACES.

They believe that the GREAT MASTER OF BREATH, at the creation of the world, formed three men—the Red, the White, and the Black; that he also made, at the same time, three things which were not in existence before, and enclosed them in three separate packages, the contents of which were unknown to the men, and laid them before them to choose. The Red Man, being the favorite of the GREAT SPIRIT, was allowed to make the first selection, and on opening his package, he found it to contain a bow, and quiver filled with arrows.

The White Man came next, and on examining his, found paper and quills.

The Negro came last; his package contained an axe and hoe. This is a tradition had from their fathers, who believed the packages emblematical of the future destinies of the races. As for the Mulattoes, they are considered not entitled to country or occupation, and are regarded as the meanest of God's creation.

When the delegates of this tribe waited upon the secretary of state, some years since, at Washington, an offer was made to establish schools among them. Econchatti-Mico said *"No! The bow and arrows were given to our people by the* FATHER OF LIFE. *Our bows are like his bow, and our arrows are like lightning, which strike with death—they give us food, and they kill our enemies. He sent you paper and quills, to mark down all that passes on earth—we hope you will mark the truth upon a straight line. No! we want no schools—my people are content with the bows and arrows."*

LAWS.

Their code of unwritten laws is simple, and adapted to their primitive state of society. It resembles, in many respects, that of the ancient Jews. Life for life—an eye for an eye —a tooth for a tooth.

When uncontaminated by civilized man, faith and good fellowship prevail among them, and but few excesses are committed. Polygamy is allowed, but few avail themselves of it, excepting the opulent chiefs. No Indian is allowed to marry, unless he has already evinced industry, and ability to support a family. Chastity, among them, is a prevailing virtue—its opposite is extremely rare.

The want of fidelity in either sex is punished

with severity—more particularly as regards the women. The frail one, for the first offence, is severely beaten, and then has her ears cut off with an old jagged knife— for the second offence, the nose is sacrificed—for the third, the upper lip is cut away—and for the fourth (which, of course, seldom happens), death.

This is an injury the men never forgive—revenge burns unceasingly in their bosoms, until the blood of the offender has washed away the stain. The males, when injured, take upon themselves the administration of justice.

A gentleman who resided upon the bank of the river St. John, at the time of the Treaty of Moultrie (1823), invited the Chiefs on their return from the *Talk* to dine with him. All things in readiness, the dinner was announced, when the guests marched in, in a lordly manner, according to rank, following the gentleman of the house. Each was shown to a seat, which all

immediately occupied—excepting a young Chief who had never before dined at the table of a white man—he commenced removing all the dishes to the centre of the table, and then leaped with delight upon the festive board, and seated himself cross-legged before his new arrangement, anticipating, no doubt, a glorious regale. The other guests, perceiving this unrefined movement, one and all cried out "Hilah, hilah, hilah!" then dragged him from his ungainly position. Order and quiet were soon restored, and the consumption of food was proceeding with as much despatch as may be imagined, considering the unvitiated state of their digestive organs; when another Indian arrived accompanied by a squaw.

The lady of the house introduced the newly-arrived guest, and his better half, into the dining hall; the Indian lady manifested the greatest reluctance at entering the room, as the

squaws never take their meals with their husbands. The interpreter explained the cause of her reluctance—he was requested by the white lady to tell Econchatti-Mico that they were ungallant, and should allow their wives to eat at the same table; and begged him to order his people to make room for the squaw and herself —the interpreter did as he was desired. The Chief was silent, the other Indians laughed, but no one moved. The hostess then walked up to the table, and pushing some of the Indians aside, made room for herself and the squaw, and both sat down at the table; at this the whole party burst into a loud laugh. The lady proceeded to help her guest, and urged her to eat, but in vain: at length, finding their custom a fixed one, she left the table. The squaw seemed abashed, and even distressed, by the awkwardness of her situation. Indian women always eat after the men, but they are generally near to

perform such offices as cooling the food by fanning, and brushing off the flies.

INDIAN MARY.—One of the most touching illustrations of Indian kindness and sympathy for the whites, was exhibited in the case of poor Indian Mary, who was well known to all the planters on the St. John's River.

Mary, in her early days, had lived much among white families; she was remarkable for a bluntness of manners, which, to a stranger, appeared disrespectful. This peculiarity was by no means improved by the expression of a countenance decidedly ugly—her vision was very imperfect, from cataracts in both eyes, and as objects could strike the sight only in an oblique direction, when she was spoken to, her face was turned on one side—and her eyes, to catch the figure of the speaker, were considerably distorted from their natural position, producing a

horrible squint — indeed, the expression of Mary's face was anything but prepossessing, and her person was altogether as forbidding as her countenance.

Yet, with all these ungainly attributes, Mary had an Indian husband—a man of no inconsiderable influence among the tribe, and by whom the race was augmented in numbers to the amount of five: she, with her husband and children, were frequently at my house, before the breaking out of hostilities; and at a time when I had not the remotest suspicion of the stirring scenes that so speedily ensued, in which the husband acted a conspicuous part.

This warrior, named Yaha-Ematkla-Chupka (leading Wolf), was a Sub-Chief, about thirty years of years; he usually wore a sort of frock, trimmed at the edges with a border of white cotton, confined to his body by a broad girdle handsomely ornamented with beads, in which

was conspicuously seen a terrific-looking Saphka or scalping-knife—its handle was curiously ornamented; in front of him was suspended a beautifully-beaded Itcha-y-sucha or pouch, in which he carried his flints, balls, tobacco, and other little useful articles;—at his left side hung his carved powder-horn, and on his shoulder was placed his rifle. His neck was encircled by several strings of beads and silver crescents —from his ears hung minute sea-shells. His head-dress was of green cloth, the lower part of which was thickly studded with beads, and on the left side was gracefully placed several eagle feathers—his nether extremities were enveloped in leather buskins, and his feet shrouded in mocassins.

The countenance of Yaha-Ematkla-Chupka was harsh: but to analyze each feature, I should be disposed to pronounce his face handsome; a high intellectual forehead—a glancing, penetrating, jet black eye—nose perfectly Grecian—

mouth small, but lips too large to be in keeping with the symmetry of his other features—a chin rather sharp—hair profuse, and corresponding in colour with his eyes—limbs well proportioned—of strong muscular power—and a gait betraying self-confidence and independence.

Such is the outline of Mary's husband. There was about him a degree of mind—a certain education of thought and feeling, rarely to be met with in his tribe. Unlike many of the Indians on the frontiers of civilized districts, he never indulged in the use of ardent spirits—he seemed conscious of its tendency to degrade the man beneath the level of the brute, and appeared to shun contamination. The compressed expression of his mouth indicated resolution and firmness, and often have I endeavoured, in vain, to elicit from him a smile.

I have attempted at times to solve the mystery of this Indian's never-smiling face, and to form some conjecture as to the cause of the

thoughtful and determined expression, which seemed to have no moments of relaxation upon his stern countenance.

Subsequent events have convinced me, that mighty and important thoughts were then working in the deep recesses of his untutored mind. I am now convinced he was ruminating upon the wrongs of his depressed and earth-trampled people—the serious injuries they had sustained, and the iniquities to which he saw himself and his tribe exposed, excited in his breast hatred and revenge; these constantly depressed his spirits—gave a colouring to his every thought, and cast a shadow of care over his intellectual brow.

The elder of this Indian family was Estalika, a girl of about fifteen years of age; her face beamed with animation—her features were not beautifully regular, but the *tout ensemble* of her countenance was such as the most fastidious in

judgment of female beauty, could not but allow to be fascinating. She was the only one of Mary's children who had not that defect in vision similar to her mother.

Estalika had the clear olive-red complexion, the snow-white teeth, and the liquid-melting dark gazelle eyes of the beautiful daughters of the sunny clime—

"Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine."

She was possessed of the vivacity of the playful fawn—which her name implies—with a large share of its timidity, combined however with a good degree of firmness; when rebuked, a crimson blush would suffuse her sweet face—but no tears, nor any other childish expressions of sorrow. Her young heart was like highly-polished steel—a breath could dim it for one moment, but the next restored its lustre.

An amiable family on the St. John's, won by

her gentleness of mind, received her into the house, and endeavoured to impart to her the blessings of civilized life; but her spirit drooped like a caged bird—she would often steal away, and wander alone for hours in her native forests, warbling some wild melody in the language of nature. Sometimes she would resort to the river, and launch a little canoe, and paddle along its picturesque banks—or into some retired creek, where she would hold communion with the natural beauties of the mysterious world around her; and, as she saw herself reflected in the dark watery mirror, she would dwell with innocent pride upon the beauty of her own form, or rather the gay costume of civilized life, to which her eye had not been hitherto accustomed.

On one occasion, being requested by the lady of the house to fetch some articles for her infant, which Estalika used to nurse, at a single bound she flew through the open window, and returned

in the same manner; and when requested that she would in future give preference to the door, she replied "Cha!—this way quick—door too much far," and in a few moments, much to the amusement of the company, away she flew, like a bird, through the same aperture.

Nothing could tame this wood-nymph; in a few days her joyous shouts were heard resounding through the pine forest, in full exuberance of heart; she now roamed unrestrained through their well-known haunts, until she took possession of her light canoe, in which she paddled up the river many miles, to the wigwams of her tribe.

Indian Mary had many friends among the white inhabitants of Florida, and no sooner was she apprised that the Chiefs had held a council of war, than, in gratitude for the many kindnesses she had received from the "pale faces," she hastened to inform them of the danger

which awaited them, unless they removed before Christmas.

This kind-hearted, artless Indian, fell a victim to her indiscreet benevolence, *indirectly*, through the very individuals she sought to rescue. The whites laughed at her surmises, and made a public jest of her admonitions. The consequence was fatal to poor Mary — her tribe obtained information of her apparent unfaithfulness, and she died the death of a traitress.

Estalika was subsequently obliged to endure hardships and privations to which her constitution was unequal, and which, aided by grief for the loss of her mother, threw her into a decline — she was taken, with other female Indians and children, by the whites, and confined in the fortress at St. Augustine; where the wild flower that had bloomed in loveliness but a few sunny days, was doomed to perish. She now sleeps with many others of her tribe,

who breathed their last in those loathsome dungeons.

We have said that a secret sorrow seemed to brood over the mind of Yaha-Ematkla-Chupka; rugged and stern as seemed the outward man, he possessed all the kind feelings of a father—he loved his Estalika to devotion. There was a military officer, of some distinction, but a libertine in heart, who, struck with the beauty of this innocent child of nature, and considering it no difficult task to win her affections, took little pains to conceal his villainous designs; but Estalika, though an Indian not of the highest cast, had been trained with every virtuous feeling, and she indignantly bade him 'begone.'

It was something humiliating for this *mighty man* to be scorned by a *low-born savage*—and he determined to be revenged, and at the same time to prove his power over one he considered so much beneath him; but the GREAT SPIRIT

watched over the girl, and before Major S—— had time to approach her, she had fled with the speed of the wind to her father's protecting arms, and, amidst sighs and tears, related the story of her escape.

This circumstance alone would have been sufficient to incite him to revenge, but there were also his nation's many wrongs. The secret workings of his mind had at length approximated to maturity. Although he unquestionably sanctioned the decree of the Indian council against his wife, he looked forward with hope for the first act, of many since performed, in the bloody tragedy of the Seminole war. Nor was it long before an opportunity was afforded him to revenge the insult offered to his daughter, and to take up arms in defence of his country.

The war had no sooner commenced than he slew the foul tempter of his child, and heading one of the marauding parties sent out by

Oceola, he has been unremitting in his exertions to devastate the territory; and his revenge for his suffering people has no doubt been satiated; and probably the rigid muscles of his swarthy countenance have relaxed into more than one broad-grin of triumph, as he swung the tomahawk around the devoted heads of his "pale-faced" enemies.

There is an apology for the Indian the white man cannot plead—consanguineous attachment is as strong in one race as the other, and revenge for injuries committed against relatives comprise no inconsiderable portion of the civil and religious duty of the former; while, on the other hand, the religion of the SAVIOUR OF MANKIND inculcates forgiveness—discountenances revenge, and urges upon us, by the most important considerations, the cultivation of kindly feelings, even towards those who "despitefully use and persecute us."

An Indian is taught from childhood, that if one of his relatives should be killed, whether by accident or design, that the shade of the defunct must be appeased by the blood of the destroyer. Years may elapse, but time, the grand calmer of almost every passion, cannot render this quiescent.

Many instances are known of individuals who, having slain an Indian, have fled from the vicinity, and returned after an absence of many years; they lulled themselves into fatal security under the conviction of the circumstances being forgotten; but no sooner had intelligence of their arrival been communicated to the relatives of the deceased, than the homicides have been sacrificed.

The Seminoles are an intrepid race, "lofty in heart, in courage fierce, and in war delighting;" contending for the burial-place of their fathers, and their hunting-grounds—they are contending

for their own homes and fire-sides—a patrimonial inheritance, transmitted from age to age, through a long line of ancestors; the blood of whom, in fierce struggles for the same soil, was poured out upon the altar of Liberty for its defence—and whose relics yet moulder beneath the mounds thrown up to their memory, to endear and consecrate the land.

The present generation are still struggling for their birth-rights, and will contest the innovations of their enemies to the last man. Death has no terrors for the Indian—who is taught to believe, that those who fall in battle, contending for the land given to them by the GREAT SPIRIT OF LIFE, ascend directly to HIM, who, at once introduces them to his own beautiful hunting-grounds—where are forests blooming in perpetual verdure and freshness — a sky that is never dimmed by a cloud—an air laden with fragrance—and where they pass an eternity in

cool shades, beside running brooks; never to endure the toils of the chase, because the game is sleeping in every nook and dell.

And they believe, that here also they will mingle with the long, long succession of brave warriors, who have preceded them—that they will rejoice for ever with these spiritual existences, in perpetual youth and vigour; knowing neither sickness nor decay. Firmly believing this, as they do, and having every thing to gain by victory, is it not natural to suppose they will fight like gladiators, and if doomed to perish, exult in the last agonies of expiring nature?

If the whites are victorious, a grand and desperate tragedy is to be acted! The Seminoles have declared their determination to fight until the last solitary being of all the red men, who now people the wilderness of Florida, has perished!

Ought we to expect that the Indians, who

owned these lands by an undoubted and immemorial right of possession — who had ever ranged as freely upon them as the breezes which swept over their flowers, or waved the branches of the stupendous trees—should feel no indignation at the continued encroachments of white men?

The Americans seem to have forgotten, in their own injuries, and their sympathy for their ancestors, that the Indians are men of human feelings!—and that the ties which bound them to their native soil, were as strong as those which endeared the descendants of the conquerors of Troy to the land of Ulysses.

Though the radience of past glory lingered round the summits of the red man's uncultivated hills—though they never had a Parnassus consecrated to the Muses—nor a Parthenon lifting its costly and elegant front to the heavens—yet, here their fathers had lived—here had been the

home of their youth—the theatre of their boyish pastimes and sports. The land was hallowed by a thousand tender and fondly cherished associations; and here, in the GREAT TEMPLE OF NATURE, amid the vast solitudes of their native forests was the place, where from the fulness of grateful and overflowing hearts, they had poured forth their fervent rejoicings to the GREAT SPIRIT.

But the work of extermination is still progressing — they are fast fading away; a few, comparatively, of the wretched tribes are yet remaining, in testimony *that they were*; their squalid, miserable condition, and appearance of degradation (particularly those upon the frontiers), tell of the light, knowledge, and immaculate blessings which civilization has dispensed to them. The waves of a rapidly increasing population are still booming on, and, ere long, they will have settled over them for ever!

Future generations will feel an interest in the achievements and history of the original inhabitants of America, of which we cannot now conceive. Legends of them, which shall have survived the wreck of time, will be sought after with avidity, to be gathered up and preserved as invaluable. Posterity will do justice to their characters, though it may not be done till after the last solitary being of all the numerous tribes, which once covered the face of this vast continent, has perished. Yet, justice will be done them; and the youth, the man of vigour, and the aged, of future generations, will weep and melt as they listen to a recital of the red man's wrongs.

I have already said, that Oceola preferred the wilder amusements of the woods to domestic life. During the early part of my retirement to my property at St. John's, where I had founded a town of that name, I undertook to

open a road of communication to St. Augustine, upwards of forty miles; and, being anxious to complete my labor as speedily as possible, I deemed it necessary that I should be continually with the negroes, hired for the purpose of constructing bridges, felling trees, and cutting through dense swamps, &c. I took with me a small tent, for the use of myself and my little *protegée;* and, at night, with the overseer and negroes, we formed an encampment in the pine-forest—when, with blazing fires, surrounded by merry-grinning black faces, our time passed away pleasantly enough.

Early in the mornings my little friend would wake, and allow me no more quiet until I arose, which was generally at the first dawn of day; he would then make the woods re-echo with his joy—whooping and yelling, bounding round the pine trees, and exhibiting, in every possible way, the joyous feelings and exuberant spirits of

laughter-loving childhood. He was very fond of accompanying me with my gun and dog, and would sometimes laugh heartily at the unsuccessfulness of my sport.

Nothing can ever efface from my memory one Sunday night, when the overseer had left us to visit his friends in St. Augustine. We were, with a dozen negroes, in a part of the forest that had not been visited by as many white people since the country was owned by the Spaniards. Throughout the universe, a wilder spot could not be selected than the "Three Runs;" over which we had to build bridges and form a causeway of six hundred paces.

These three black-looking streams meandered through a deep narrow valley, whose whole course formed a morass of thick jungle, shaded by the largest and most magnificent trees in the world. Here was, in stately grandeur, the gigantic live oak, with its thousand robes of

moss — the splendid magnolia — cedar — wild orange—hickory; and here lurked in security, the shy and savage panther—the bear—and the wolf—with snakes of the most venomous description—and the hideous alligator.

Our encampment was upon the high ground on the south side of the 'hammock' I have just described, which sheltered us from the bleak north-wind. We had but three tents, two horses, two carts, and several dogs belonging to the negroes.—There were three very large fires made of the resinous pine logs, which threw up a glare of light, that gave to the dense woods in our rear a shade as dark as Erebus. About ten o'clock the full broad moon threw her silvery beams through the tall stately pines which sighed mournfully to the breeze.—Save this melancholy sound, with the dismal hooping of the owl—with, now and then the howling wolves at a distance — all was still, desolate, and dreary.

At this solemn moment, I reflected upon the condition of the slaves by whom I was surrounded.—'Tis true they were then happy—as they were the whole time while in my employ—I knew that this contentment was solely a relative feeling; a negro always comforts himself with having got rid of the past—he seldom reflects upon the future; if there be ever so small a chance of temporary happiness, he readily embraces it without embittering the moment by gloomy forebodings. They did not hear the crack of the 'Drivers'' whip, and they were happy. Under an impression that I might in some measure benefit them by wholesome admonition, and comfort them by prayer, I ordered them into the open space in the centre of the camp fires, and forming them into a circle, I placed the young Indian on his knees, and desired him to repeat *The Lord's Prayer*. No sooner had he raised his little plaintive voice to

Heaven, than the negroes followed his example with fervour and devotion. Here was a scene that might have softened the heart of the most obdurate sceptic– the sight of this young savage in his native wilds, offering up his orisons to Almighty God, accompanied by slaves even less informed than himself upon the attributes of prayer—with the solemn stillness of the wilderness, combined to make this the most impressive scene I had ever witnessed.

The prayer ended, I addresed them upon the peculiarity of their position in the human family; and endeavoured to ameliorate their condition by pouring a balm into the iron galls of slavery. I pointed out to them the necessity of obedience to their masters, and to depend upon their own worthiness for comfort and happiness. I assured them (and with truth) that their wants were fewer than many others of the human race—and, although not by the hand of

kindness, they were supplied with all that was absolutely requisite for their subsistence—that it was to the interest of their proprietors to keep them in health, for their profits depended upon the negroes' physical strength. I advised them to rely upon a just God; and assured them that, by maintaining a virtuous and good life, one day they would find their reward.

A month passed in this way in the woods, at no little *risque* of an attack by Indians, who would have been glad to have availed themselves of our guns and horses.

I once took Oceola into St. Augustine, and showed him the Fort where his uncle and other Indian prisoners had been confined, and where many of them had perished from mephitic air. He was then not more than seven years of age; yet the sight of the dark frowning battlements, evidently struck a chill into his young heart,

and he dreaded to meet any of the military.— In fact, I could not reconcile him to the sight of a soldier. Being under some apprehension that he might be noticed by officers about the garrison, and perhaps claimed as a prisoner, I retreated to the woods early in the morning. As soon as he again breathed the free pure air of the Forest, the buoyancy of his spirit returned, and he again exhibited his usual manifestations of delight.

OTTER HUNT.

" Would ye preserve a num'rous finny race—
Let your fierce dogs the rav'nous otter chase."

GAY.

Riding with Oceola through the beautiful woods in the rear of my dwelling in St. John's, my dog drove a large otter across the road just before us—in an instant the boy was in pursuit through thick jungle, frequently, much obstructed by briers and other prickly bushes—but he wound his way with the celerity of a snake. He had not proceeded far before the animal backed himself against a tree, and showed fight—Now, a large otter is *an ugly customer* for a single dog; therefore my gallant 'Boxer,' deeming—

" Discretion the better part of valour "—

kept his enemy at bay until the arrival of the young huntsman; at the sight of whom, the otter made a fresh start—now and then resting himself against a tree, grinning defiance at his deadly foe; until, at last, Boxer drove him into an open field, when it became a running fight; which gave Oceola an opportunity of aiding his canine companion;—this he did by beating the otter with a stick until he was overpowered. In this encounter, there was considerable risk of his being severely bitten—the result of the action was in favor of my boy and the dog. He must have ran at least a mile through the bushes before the animal was killed: he then dragged home the body, weighing 25-lbs., a mile and a half. Returning, he gave a preference to the open fields, which augmented the distance—he could only advance a few paces with his load, and then rest: and in this way did he persevere, until he reached home—almost

exhausted by fatigue, but highly proud of his achievement.

This little incident showed a perseverance, courage, and determination of an extraordinary character, in one so young—few would have withstood the scratches, the toil, and hunger he endured for a whole day—for the sole reward of commendation, or the gratification of the sport.

The conduct of Oceola so far gained upon my regard, that I fully determined to adopt and cherish him as my own child. His welfare seemed now wholly to depend upon my exertions. From the jealousy and undisguised hostility of my white neighbours, I perceived that his safety was endangered, independent of the risk of his being claimed by the authorities and "sent west."—Apprehensive of this, we sought for him a secure retreat in the dense woods at the back of my dwelling—to which we in-

structed him to retire on the least warning of danger. The approach of a steam-boat on the river, or the landing of strangers, roused our anxiety, when we would despatch him to his place of concealment, with instructions to remain until he heard our preconcerted signal.

His happiness and future success in life seemed now to depend wholly upon himself—here he was an outcast from civilized society, excepting that of my own family—his parents or friends either dead or transported upwards of a thousand miles into a strange land—whither he would probably be sent, if taken from my protection, without even the power to express his wants—having forgotten his vernacular tongue; and where hundreds of his tribe had already perished, through the effects of change from a low to a higher latitude.

Under all these disadvantages, without regard to personal interest, I resolved to rescue this

poor child from a prospect of misery and destitution. Among the whites in Florida it was evident that my protection would not long prove his safeguard; and most ardently did I long for the security and freedom of 'my native land.'

My determination to embark for England with my young charge, was soon fixed, and almost as soon executed; and I joyfully left this blood-stained country on Thursday, the 28th of May, 1840, and arrived in Savannah on the following Saturday.

Young Oceola expressed much delight on beholding the cotton ships—hitherto he had seen no larger vessels than coasting schooners on the St. John's river. As speedily as possible I placed him on board a ship bound for Liverpool. Here, he did not seem secure from his enemies; the Captain assured me that he ran considerable risk in receiving him on board,

as he was known to be a young Indian highly connected in the Seminole nation; but an Almighty Providence, who watches the destinies of the fatherless, has hitherto protected the *Orphan Boy.*

On the 4th of June we left the shores of America, and reached Liverpool in safety on Thursday night, the 2nd of July, and landed on the following morning.

During our passage, Oceola became the darling of the sailors, who were delighted with his exploits and agility in climbing the rigging to the tops of the masts, and on landing they parted with him with reluctance.

Even in Liverpool, the Captain and my fellow-passengers expressed an apprehension that the American Consul would claim the young Prince, and send him back a prisoner to the United States. I laughed at the absurdity of such a suggestion—relying with implicit confi-

dence on the hospitable character of my countrymen for protection of my boy. He was now (it may truly be said,) in the land of freedom; where I rejoiced to find myself once more—after an absence of twenty years.

Oceola here met with the kindest attention from the amiable family of Mr. Callan—to whom I shall ever feel grateful for their hospitality, both towards my *protegée* and myself, during the few days we remained in Liverpool. Strangely enough, a young Son of the American Consul was at the time on a visit to Mr. Callan, and became the constant companion and playmate of Oceola; and, had the Consul himself been in town, I feel well assured my young friend would have been by him also kindly received.

Since he has been in London, he has met with the most flattering marks of attention from persons of rank and respectability. His chief amuse-

ment, during his leisure moments from school, has been to visit Mr. Catlin's exhibition at the Egyptian Hall; and sometimes I have yielded to the entreaties of himself and his friends, in permitting him to appear in his native costume before the public. My principal motive in so doing has been, that he might retain in his memory the scenes of his childhood, and learn more of the history of his people. I cannot forbear once more reverting to Mr. Catlin and his collection of Indian costumes and curiosities.

This enterprising artist has undoubtedly undergone more labour and privation in obtaining a knowledge of this primitive race of men, than any other North American Traveller. Eight of his best years have been devoted to the pursuit of this branch of science; and he has succeeded in amassing an immense collection of dresses, spears, bows and arrows, pipes, scalps—a large

wigwam, or Indian tent—with many hundreds of other curious articles; besides which, he has taken portraits of upwards of three hundred of the most distinguished Chiefs — and painted many beautiful views of American scenery, in parts hitherto unknown to civilized man.

When we reflect that the tribes of Indians are daily dwindling from the face of the earth, and had not Mr. Catlin rescued so much of their works from oblivion, but few records would now be in existence to hand down to future ages a pictorial history, with such ample testimony of the manners, customs, nay, even the existence of this noble class of human beings.

How much, then, does Mr. Catlin merit the gratitude of all civilized nations!

I appeal, as an Englishman, to the people of this country, who have always been liberal patrons of the Fine Arts — who have always evinced an enthusiastic sympathy for the

Aborigines of all nations — if these splendid productions should be permitted to leave England to ornament the Museum of some Foreign nation.

They are the manufactory of a people who know no arts or sciences, but such as those pointed out by Nature herself—to guard them from the inclemencies of the weather—to provide them with food, and to repel their enemies; manifesting, at the same time, talents of no ordinary character: proving, beyond doubt, their capabilities to attain the highest order of intellectual refinement.

Ought not then the scientific people of England endeavour to procure these interesting collections as curiosities worthy to rank with those from Pompeii, Palmyra, or with the rarest specimens of Ancient or Modern Artists? What other evidence will posterity have of the bare existence of the Tribes of Western India!

Already whole tribes have been swept away, and scarcely any other relic left of them—save what is now in the keeping of this champion for Indian character and Indian rights. Where are now the Mandans — the Mohicans — the Yemasseés—and many other once formidable and numerous tribes?—They are gone from the earth, and will, ere long, be effaced from the memory of man!

Little more than two centuries have elapsed, since the first permanent settlements were made upon the American wilderness: yet this short period has sufficed to change the character of a continent—to produce the entire destruction of what were once powerful tribes—and, almost, the extermination of a RACE!!

The vices of the whites have penetrated even among some of the tribes of the "far distant West." The subtle poison of the Harpies—called Indian Traders—has begun to

sap the foundations of their original nobleness of character; and at no distant day — of the thousands and tens of thousands who once dwelt within the limits of the United States, only here and there will a wanderer remain.

As from the short period of two hundred years, we turn back and attempt to gather the customs and traditions of the tribes which dwelt within the limits of New England, anterior to the arrival of the whites—we find only scattered fragments, detached and confused—no relic is left of their history or habits; and scarcely anything is known of them, unless—that *they are gathered to their fathers!*

The tribes on the outskirts of civilization are fast disappearing; and the period will soon have arrived, when their joys and sorrows will be at an end—when they will be beyond the reach of duplicity and extortion: and, surely, justice demands that some record of their

rude virtues, and unhappy fate, should be traced on the pages of history, or be carefully preserved in the archives of some enlightened nation.

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

We have already said that the Chief, Oceola, was interred in consecrated ground near Charleston; but will it be credited, that with all the display of sympathy for a fallen hero, whose fame has been re-echoed in every village throughout the United States—whose name has been conspicuous in all the newspapers of the north, with which was coupled that of his betrayer, General Jessup, whom they loaded with curses dire and deep—that, in defiance of all this excitement in favor of Oceola, he was *buried headless!* Dr. Weedon, with the knowledge and consent of the officers who had charge of the remains of this brave and distinguished man, so far violated the sacred remains of the dead; which the foul mercenary had conveyed to New York, there to be exhibited in Peale's museum, with other heads of New Zealand chiefs. These disgusting peparations, in themselves, were sufficiently disgraceful, without the addition of one, which in life had held millions in defiance.

This outrage upon the feelings and decency of the inhabitants of New York, soon roused their resentment. When it was announced to the public that THE HEAD OF OCEOLA was to be seen at Peale's Museum, in Broadway, a mob collected, and threatened to raze the building to the ground, if this disgusting object were not forthwith removed. It was accordingly taken away by *the Doctor*, who conveyed it to St. Augustine, in Florida, where finding he could not *make a raise* upon it, placed it in spirits on the counter of his "drug store," for the gratuitous gratification of poor Oceola's enemies.

"To what base uses we may return, Horatio."

Extract of a Letter from CAPT. BELL, *to* H. S. DEXTER, ESQ.
Dated "Volusia, September 18th, 1821.

"As I am under an engagement to accompany Econchatti-Mico, the King, and all the chiefs and head men to St. Augustine, I shall defer, until my arrival at that place, the substance of their deliberation and "talk," all of which I have noted, as I was certain it would be gratifying to you.

* * * *

"I have not the pleasure of being acquainted with our new Governor, and will thank you to apprise him of the intended visit of the Indians, headed by their Chief or King, Econchatti-Mico."

* * * *

H. S. DEXTER *to* CAPT. BELL.—*St. Augustine, July* 30, 1822.

* * * *

"Econchatti, the Seminole King, assisted by his principal Counsellors, met in Council on the 24th of May, at our settlement at Allachua, and delivered to us a 'talk,' relating to their present situation and future prospects, &c. &c."

"On Wednesday, the 20th inst., while a lieutenant and two men were passing between Micanopy and a place called 'Black Point,' they were surprised, and fired on by a party of Indians; the lieutenant and one man wounded, and one killed. Same evening, Lieut. Sanderson, in command of Micanopy, while on a scout with eighteen or twenty men, discovered a fire in the woods, and on going to see from whence it proceeded, was surrounded by about fifty Indians; Lieut. S. and *nine* men, three BLOOD-HOUNDS and their keeper, killed upon the spot, and four men missing. On Friday, news reached Newnansville, that three men were killed between Posts No. 11 and 12. On Thursday, a scout discovered the trail of about 100 Indians in the 'Wolf Hammock,' six miles south of Newnansville."—*East Florida Advocate.*

"The BLOOD-HOUNDS sent for by Governor Call have arrived at Tallahassee, accompanied by twenty Leashmen, from the Island of Cuba; we hope soon to hear they are on the scent of the enemy."—*St. Augustine News.*

The first trial made by these dogs, was upon the trail of one Indian, whom they literally tore in pieces; several women and children were subsequently taken, dreadfully lacerated by the teeth of these ferocious animals.

In a speech delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States, by Mr. White of Florida, we can readily account for the objections of the Seminole Indians to emigrate to lands on the western side of the Mississippi. When such few of this tribe had agreed to the treaty of their removal, they had not then learned how their neighbours, the Cherokees, had been decoyed from the homes of their fathers. We find in the speech alluded to, as follows:—

"Some five years ago, a treaty had been negotiated with the Cherokees, by which lands were ceded to them on the west of the Mississippi, a territory, as was presumed, beyond the reach of settlement, as it had been beyond the reach of surveys. When the Indians, under this treaty, went to take possession of these lands, they found other settlers upon them, and at the very last Congress an act had passed, giving pre-emption rights to the individuals who had been found there.

Thus the poor deluded Indians, many hundred miles from their native homes, without the means of returning, were compelled to shift for themselves in the best way they could. Poverty and change of climate soon induced sickness, of which a greater portion perished.

THE TREATY OF MOULTRIE CREEK.

1824.

JAMES MONROE, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

To all and singular to whom these Presents shall come. greeting.—

WHEREAS a Treaty between the Unites States of America and the Florida Tribes of Indians, was made and concluded on the 18th day of September, 1823, at Camp, on Moultrie Creek, in the Territory of Florida, by Commissioners on the part of the United States, and certain Chiefs and Warriors of the said Tribes, on the part and in behalf of the said Tribes, which Treaty is in the following words, to wit:—

Article 1.—The undersigned Chiefs and Warriors, for themselves and their Tribes, have appealed to the humanity, and thrown themselves on, and have promised to continue under the protection of the United States, and of no other

Nation, Power, or Sovereign; and in consideration of the promises and stipulations hereinafter made, do cede and relinquish all claim or title which they may have to the whole Territory of Florida, with the exception of such district of Country, as shall be herein allotted them.

Article 2.—The Florida Tribes of Indians will hereafter be concentrated and confined to the following Metes and Boundaries; commencing five miles North of Okehumke, running in a direct line to a point, five miles West of Setarky's settlement, on the waters of the Amazura or Ouithlacoochee River, leaving said settlement two miles South of the line, from thence in a direct line to the South end of the Big Hammock, to include Chikkuchatti; continuing on in the same direction for five miles beyond the said Hammock; provided said point does not approach nearer than fifteen miles the sea Coast of the Gulph of Mexico; if it does, the said line will terminate at that distance from the sea Coast; thence South twelve miles, thence in a South 30° East direction, until the same shall strike within five miles of the main branch of the Charlotte River, thence in a due East direction to within twenty miles of the Atlantic Coast; thence North fifteen, West for fifty miles—and from this last to the beginning point.

Article 3.—The United States will take the Florida Indians under their care and patronage, and will afford them protection against all persons whatsoever, provided they conform to the Laws of the United States, and refrain

from making War, or giving any insult to any Foreign Nation, without having first obtained the permission and consent of the United States. And, in consideration of the appeal and cession made in the 1st Article of this Treaty, by the aforesaid Chiefs and Warriors, the United States promise to distribute among the Tribes, as soon as concentrated under the direction of their Agent, implements of husbandry, and stocks of cattle and hogs, to the amount of six thousand dollars, and an annual sum of five thousand dollars a year, for twenty successive years—to be distributed as the President of the United States shall direct, through the Secretary-of-War, or his Superintendents and Agents of Indian affairs.

Article 4.—The United States promise to guarantee to the said Tribes, the peaceable possession of the district of Country assigned them, reserving the right of opening through it such roads, as may from time to time be deemed necessary, and to restrain and prevent all white persons from hunting, settling, or otherwise intruding upon it. But any Citizen of the United States, being lawfully authorized for that purpose, shall be permitted to pass and repass through said District, and to navigate the waters thereof, without any hindrance, toll, or exaction from said Tribes.

Article 5.—For the purpose of facilitating the removal of said Tribes to the District of country allotted them, and as a compensation for the losses sustained, or the inconveniences to which they may be exposed by said removal, the

United States will furnish them with rations of corn, meat, and salt, for twelve months, commencing on the 1st day of February next.

And they further agree to compensate those individuals who have been compelled to abandon improvements on lands not embraced within the limits allotted, to the amount of four thousand five hundred dollars, to be distributed among the sufferers, in a ratio to each, proportional to the value of the improvements abandoned. The United States further agree, to furnish a sum not exceeding two thousand dollars, to be expended by their Agent, to facilitate the transportation of the different Tribes to the point of concentration designated.

Article 6.—An Agent, Sub-Agent, and Interpreter, shall be appointed to reside within the Indian Boundary aforesaid, to watch over the interest of said Tribes. And the United States further stipulate, as an evidence of their humane policy towards said tribes who have appealed to their liberality, to allow for the establishment of a School at the Agency, one thousand dollars per year, for twenty successive years; and one thousand dollars per year, for the same period, for the support of a Gun and Black-Smith, with the expenses incidental to his shop.

Article 7.—The Chiefs and Warriors aforesaid, for themselves and Tribes, stipulate to be active and vigilant in the preventing the retreating to, or passing through of the district of country assigned them, of any absconding slave,

or fugitives from justice, and further agree to use all necessary exertions to apprehend and deliver the same to the agent, who shall receive orders to compensate them agreeably to the trouble and expences incurred.

Article 8.—A Commissioner or Commissioners, with a Surveyor, shall be appointed by the President of the United States, to run and mark (blazing fore and aft the trees) the line, as defined in the second article of this Treaty; who shall be attended by a Chief or Warrior, to be designated by a Council of their own Tribe, and who shall receive, while so employed, a daily compensation of three dollars.

Article 9.—The undersigned Chiefs and Warriors, for themselves and Tribes, having objected to their concentration within the limits described in the second article of this Treaty, under the impression that the said limits did not contain a sufficient quantity of good land for them to subsist on, and for other reasons—It is therefore expressly understood between the United States and the aforesaid Chiefs and Warriors, that should the country embraced in said limits, upon examination by the Indian Agent, and the Commissioner or Commissioners, to be appointed under the eighth article of this Treaty, be by them considered insufficient for the support of the said Indians, then the north line, as defined in the second article of this Treaty, shall be removed so far north as to embrace a sufficient quantity of good, tillable land.

Article 10.—The undersigned Chiefs and Warriors, for themselves and Tribes, have expressed to the Commissioners

their unlimited confidence in their agent, Colonel Gad Humphreys, and their interpreter, Stephen Richards; and as evidence of their gratitude for their services and humane treatment, and brotherly attentions to their wants, request that one mile square, embracing the improvements of Ewe-Mathla, at Tallahassee, (said improvements to be considered as the centre) be conveyed in fee-simple, as a present to Colonel Gad Hamphreys. And they further request, that one mile square at the Ocheesee Bluffs, embracing Stephen Richards' field on said Bluffs, be conveyed in fee-simple, as a present to Stephen Richards. The Commissioners accord in sentiment with the undersigned Chiefs and Warriors, and recommend a compliance with their wishes to the President and Senate of the United States; but the disapproval, on the part of the said authorities, of this article, shall in nowise affect the other articles and stipulations concluded on in this Treaty.

In testimony whereof, the Commissioners, William P. Duval, James Gadsden, and Bernard Segui, and the undersigned Chiefs and Warriors, have hereunto subscribed their names and affixed their seals.

Done at the camp on Moultrie Creek, in the Territory of Florida, this 18th day of September, 1823, and of the Independence of the United States, the forty-eighth.

William P. Duval	Econchatti-Mico
James Gadsden	Nea Mathkla, × his mark
Bernard Segui	Tokose Mathkla

Ninnee Homata Tustenuggee	Lathlon Mathla
Miconopy	Senufky
Necosee Apola	Alak Hajo
John Blunt	Fahcluste Hajo
Ottemata	Octapamico
Tuskeneka	Tustenec Hajo
Tuske Hajo	Okoske Amathla
Emoteley	Ochanee Tustenuggee
Mulato King	Philip "
Chocolohano	Charley Amathkla
Ematlochee	John Hassorey
Wekse Holata .	Rathead
Amathla Ho	Holata Amathkla
Holataficico	Foschatti-Mico
Cheficico Hajo	

Signed, sealed, and delivered in presence of George Murray, Secretary to the Commission.

Gad Humphreys, Indian Agent.
Stephen Richards, Interpreter.
Isaac N. Cox.
I. Irving, Captain 4th Artillery.
Harvey Brown, Lieutenant 4th Artillery.
C. D'Espinville, Lieutenant 4th Artillery.
John B. Scott, Lieutenant 4th Artillery.
William Travers.
Horatio S. Dexter.

Let us examine a little into the merits of this much talked of Treaty, in the United States, for which the Indians are held up to the world as "treacherous villains," in not having conformed to the articles therein mentioned;—as having "violated the Treaty."

Whilst in Florida, I had frequent conferences with Mr. Travers upon the subject of "Treaties," the results of which I shall endeavour to bring to bear upon that of "Moultrie Creek," commencing with

Article 1.—Which specifies that "*the undersigned Chiefs and Warriors, for themselves and their Tribes,* HAVE APPEALED TO THE HUMANITY, *and thrown themselves on, and have promised to continue under the protection of the United States, &c.* The Chiefs and Warriors of the Seminole Tribes, would spurn the idea of appealing to the humanity of the United States, under any circumstances; which has been sufficiently proved during the last five years; during which time, they have shed their blood, drop by drop, and themselves, with their wives and children, have fallen, one by one, into the hands of their enemies—the United States;—still they have never appealed to *their humanity*, and happy had it been for them had they remained under the Government of Spain, when their rights were respected—they were then free and independent.

The Spanish Floridians knew the value of these people—the markets of St. Augustine, Pensacola, and other towns

in the colony, were well supplied with venison, and all the game the country produced, besides cattle and skins to a considerable amount; and whenever the Chiefs condescended to visit the governor, they were received with kindness and dismissed with presents; their wrongs from white men were speedily redressed, and when the Spaniards required their aid in war, they proved valuable allies.

Article 2.—The line of boundary run by the United States was never agreed to on the parts of the Chiefs, generally; two or three alone were bribed to consent, with whiskey, and presents of rifles and ammunition.

Article 3.—The Seminolee Indians never did, or ever would be, made to conform to the laws of the United States; upon all occasions, they exercised their own ceremonies, and enforced their own laws upon each other; and their white neighbours knew that the death of one of the tribe, was sure to be succeeded by a reprisal—without waiting for the laws of the United States. And as to the bombast of implements of husbandry, stocks of cattle, to the amount of six thousand dollars *a year*, the *annual* sum of five thousand dollars, and the other stipulations, in behalf of the Indians —for further particulars enquire of Col. Gad Humphreys, and Major Phagan, the Indian agents.

I make no doubt, the Government paid *part* of this money into the hands of the aforesaid agents, who doled it out to the poor Indians, at the rate of two *choks* (10*d.* sterling), per glass of whiskey, ditto for gunpowder—both

combustibles were measured in the same vessel, and all other supplies were provided in the same ratio.

Articles 4 and 5.—All gammon.

Article 6.—*An agent to watch over the interest of the Indians*—like a hackney-coachman over the interest of his employer; so much for master, so much for me—so much for me, so much for master.

Article 7.—If the Seminolee Indians had occupied themselves in arresting white fugitives from justice, they would have had no time to hunt.

Article 8.—A few poor Red-skins, were made to carry the surveyor's chain—for which they got flogged, if not sufficiently active.

Article 9.—A mere humbug on the parts of the Commissioners, to give some appearance of character and justice to THE *TREATY !*

Article 10.—The perfection of knavery by the agent and interpreter—of so glaring a character that the Government would not stand it.

Now, this precious specimen of American bamboozle, with thirty-two Indian signatures—William Travers informed me was actually signed by only *six out of the whole*, and they were made drunk for that purpose; the remaining names were filled up by the Commissioners themselves.

The next Treaty, said to have been made at Payne's Landing, in May, 1832, is of a still more vile character

than the last. That was for taking the whole territory from the Indians, and to send them away to the Arkansaw country. The manner in which that pretended agreement has been resisted, has already been explained. Like the one of 1823, it has been published in America, with the signatures of the principal Chiefs and Warriors—most of whom *never even saw it!*

CAST OF NIKKANOCHEE's HEAD.

A very correct cast of this child's head has been taken by Mr. DONOVAN, *Principal of the London Phrenological Institution*, King William Street, Strand.

The science, of which Mr. Donovan is a zealous teacher, and an able expounder, practically as well as theoretically, holds—"that as the moral and intellectual faculties are exercised, the development of the organs of those faculties will be assisted, and the shape of the upper and frontal regions made to approach nearer to the most perfect type of the human head.

"By a judicious mode of education, the animal propensities will be kept in abeyance, and not called into action (as they assuredly would have been) in this case, had the child remained in his native wilds. There, combativeness, secretiveness, and destructiveness, would have been continually called into operation; nay, they would have been looked on as the highest intellectual virtues.

"Thus, then, education steps in to reverse this decree—the animal propensities are not encouraged—the moral sen-

timents and intellectual faculties are judiciously exercised; and, by these means, the *contour* of the head approaches more and more to that of man, in his most civilized state."

Mr. Donovan has made notes on this cast, and has kindly suggested some important points relating to education, &c. Previous to the moment I had the gratification of being made acquainted with this learned and benevolent gentleman, I acknowledge myself to have been a sceptic in the science of Phrenology; but, after having heard the subject so ably and clearly expounded by him, with such striking manifestations of the truth, as regards the effect of the education of thought on the conformation of the human skull, I can no longer withhold my expression of a thorough belief in the system of Phrenology, and do most strenuously recommend those who may wish to perfect themselves in this interesting and highly useful branch of polite learning, to attend to his lectures and discourses.

Since writing the above, Mr. Donovan has been kind enough to promise that casts of Prince Econchatti's head will be taken from time to time.—It will be interesting to observe the effect of education on the conformations of the brain, and the consequent changes in the shape of the head.

A splendid painting, similar to the frontispiece, has been made of the Young Prince, by Mr. WILKIN—which is now in the Exhibition at the Royal Academy, Trafalgar Square.

EXTRACTS FROM NEWSPAPERS.

Several other combinations were formed at different times by distinguished Indian Chiefs and patriots, to rescue their country from the hands of those whom they regarded as usurpers and intruders. They saw their once unbounded possessions gradually receding from them, their numerous tribes dwindling away, the graves of their fathers overturned by the ploughshare, and their hunting-ground converted into fields of grain, and occupied by men whom they had every reason to look upon as the enemies of their race. Their native courage, and a deep sense of the injury and wrongs under which they suffered, roused them to action, and their vengeance was sometimes terrible; but their vengeance was unavailing. They have gradually retired before the wave of the white population, yielded up their valuable lands, either by compulsion or persuasion, and buried themselves, from time to time, among the primeval forests and extensive prairies of their country, to be free and uncontaminated by the vices of civilization. But even there they found no security.

The arm of the pale-face, and his arts and liquid fire reached them. "As the tide of our population rolled on," says an eloquent Senator,* "we have added purchase to purchase; the confiding Indian listened to our professions of friendship. We called him brother, and he believed us. Millions after millions he has yielded to our importunity, until we have acquired more than can be cultivated in centuries, and yet we crave more. We have crowded the tribes upon a few miserable acres on our southern frontier: it is all that is left to them of their once boundless forests, and still, like the horse leech, our insatiable cupidity cries, give—give." This is a true picture of the treatment the aboriginal proprietors of the soil of America have received from their white brethren, since their arrival in this country. To complete the measure of injustice, the government has ordered the removal of all the Indian tribes still remaining beyond the Mississippi, where they are promised lands in lieu of those they have abandoned. Almost all these tribes have seen that it would be madness to resist the mandate of the government, and have retired to the west of the Mississippi. Some noble spirits, however, still hold out, and among these is the distinguished Seminole chief, Oceola. The Seminoles comprehend the remains of many tribes that formerly occupied the territory of Florida, and they are now reduced to a bare handful. The love of their native land

* Mr. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey.

burns strongly in their bosoms, and Oceola has gallantly and nobly contended, with his small band, for the country and graves of his fathers. He has withstood the whole military force of the United States for nearly two years, and though captured, is still unconquered. The manner in which he has been taken is dishonorable to our arms, and disgraceful to the nation. He trusts to the honor of the whites, and, with that confidence, throws himself within their power, to negociate for the liberty of one of his countrymen—and what is the consequence? Finding that they cannot conquer him in fair and manly fight, they resort to a breach of faith, and take him prisoner by a superior force, while he is trusting to their honor. A gallant enemy would have said to him—"We have you now in our power, but you have confided in our faith, and we scorn to avail ourselves of our superiority; retire, and we will meet you in the battle field, and subdue you, if we can. The nation itself, if it possessed the least spirit of gallantry, should feel the deepest mortification at such an act, and at once grant this noble and patriotic Chieftain his liberty, and the right of remaining, with his whole tribe, and their descendants, for ever, in the country for which they have so bravely and manfully contended. But injustice is everywhere. No nation, whatever be the form of its government, or the character of its people, is, or ever has been exempt from it. When men feel power they are apt to forget right—the strong will trample upon the weak, and justice will always be more an abstraction than a

reality. Cupidity and injustice will at last triumph, in spite of the efforts of philanthropy and benevolence, and the feeble remnants of a noble but untutored race, will soon be blotted for ever from the face of the world." *Washington Paper.*

CAPTURE OF KING PHILIP'S SON IN FLORIDA.—General Hernandez, of the Florida Militia, succeeded in capturing near Matanzas, Coacoochee (or Wild Cat), King Philip's Son. The *St. Augustine Herald* of the 28th ult. gives this picturesque account of him:—

"Coacoochee was mounted on a spirited horse, and attired in his native costume—he rode into town with a great deal of savage grace and majesty. His head-dress was a plume of white crane feathers and a silver band. He is now confined in the Fort, with his Father."

He subsequently made his escape with fifty of his Warriors, since which he has not been re-captured. He afterwards rode through the streets of St. Augustine in the evening, in full costume, accompanied by *five* of his Warriors.

The inhabitants of the Garrison and Fort, were so much astounded that they remained passive until he was fairly into the Pine Forests.—[AUTHOR.]

SURROUNDING THE ENEMY.—"In the *destruction of Indians* the other day, during a scout by Capt. Holmes, 7th Infantry, an instance of *coolness* and *bravery* occurred, ex-

hibiting the *material of our own service*, and the indomitable courage of the Indian. Capt. Holmes had secreted a portion of his company in such a place as it was probable the enemy might pass, and proceeded onward with the rest of his command, in order *to hunt them up*. The ambushed party had not lain long in their hiding-place, when a *few* Indians were seen approaching, unconscious of their near proximity to the white man.—On nearing more closely, the anxiety of a *recruit* being more intense, was with difficulty restrained from breaking up the enemy, and probably defeating the great object in view. At this moment, a deer sprang from its covert, and passing within a few feet of his gun the temptation was too great, and the recruit fired.—Alarmed by the report, the enemy ran, and the *Sergeant*, with his command, mounted their horses and gave pursuit. The Serjeant soon overtook a large and very athletic Indian, and dismounting, *deliberately levelled his gun within a few feet of his breast, and pulled the trigger*. The gun missed fire; and the red-skin now levelled his rifle, and lo, the flint refused its duty! Dashing his musket to the earth, the Sergeant sprang to grapple his enemy, but was felled by the clubbed end of his rifle. Rising, he used the breach of his gun with good effect, but was repeatedly felled by the greater strength of his foe. Victory hanging now in a doubtful posture, he managed *while his head was receiving a succession of tremendous blows, to 'fix his bayonet,' and made a charge upon the herculean Seminole*. Doubt was

at an end; the warrior took to his heels, and sought a tree. There dodging a direct thrust of the instrument, he managed to hold the anger of the Sergeant at bay, until *the balance of the command came up;* who, disposed to see 'a fair fight,' formed a circle around the combatants. All hope was now cut off; and *with a desperate valour he fought:* the Sergeant thrusting his bayonet through him, and laying him dead at his feet." —*St. Augustine News.*

Indian News.—Our excellent correspondents at Black Creek have put us in possession of intelligence from Fort King to the 8th inst. which we give as follows:—

"On last Sunday week, Col. Riley ran down an Indian in the Pine Woods, near the Withlacoochee. A day or two afterwards, he surprised an Indian camp, consisting of two warriors, two squaws, and four children; they killed the two warriors and one squaw, and took the rest prisoners.—On Tuesday night last, one of the Indians made his escape, owing to the sentinel going to sleep. One of the guard saw him running, and fired at him, which alarmed the whole camp; the other sentinels also fired. Capt. Mason was shot dead, either by the Indians, or accidentally by his own men—it is supposed that the latter was the case. He was seen running after the Indian, and it is impossible to say who killed him."—*Florida Paper.*

The *Morning Herald* states that in the West of Ohio, flour is selling at two-and-a-half dollars per barrel, and that in 1836-7 it was fourteen dollars per barrel in New York.—The Indian war in Florida continues, and it seems to be one of extermination. The civilized whites have resorted to the barbarous practice of hunting down those whom they call savages, with *blood-hounds*, which have been imported from Cuba for the purpose. The following cool announcements appear in the *New York Morning Herald*:—"The *blood-hounds*, lately received from Cuba, have been subjected to many experiments, the results of which have been very satisfactory. They follow a trail twenty-four hours old with rapidity and accuracy. Some of them are to be employed by the troops now scouring the country, between the mouths of the Wacassassa and Suwannee Rivers, Micanopy, &c."

THE BLOOD-HOUNDS IN FULL CRY. -"Major Bailey, with a party of dragoons, and six *blood-hounds*, scented out forty Indians recently in Florida, and killed six of them. Only one dog was killed."

If the truth could be known, we should probably find that the atrocities occasionally blazoned in the papers, for the purpose of inflaming the public mind, were nothing more, if they really occurred, than measures of retaliation for the perfidy and cruelty of the whites. Some of the States have remonstrated against the employment of blood-hounds, as a barbarous practice, and some memorials have been pre-

sented to Congress.—They were referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, which subsequently requested to be discharged from the consideration of the subject. The information received from the Secretary-at-War stated, that blood-hounds had certainly been employed for the purpose of hunting the Indians, but he did not "feel authorized to instruct the authorities of Florida not to employ them, for the reason that they might be used to advantage."

The news from Florida, in relation to the fugitive Indians in the vicinity of the Choctawhatchee Bay, is by no means satisfactory. A letter to the Editor of the *Pensacola Gazette*, dated at La Grange, on the 21st ult. gives an account of a fight near Black Creek, between *thirty-three* whites and a party of Indians—in which five of the latter were killed, and a child taken prisoner. Black Creek is about sixteen miles from La Grange. Another murder was committed at the Cow-ford, by the Indians, on the person of a Mr. Lawrence. On the 23rd, another fight took place at the Alaqua Creek, about five miles from La Grange—in which twelve Indians were killed, and ten made prisoners. The *Pensacola Gazette* adds the following paragraph :—"It is reported that the Indians killed were all, or nearly all, *prisoners;* that there was but one man among the slain—*the rest were women and children!*"

EXTRACT FROM COL. BAILY'S REPORT.—We encamped together that night, which was the 14th. I discovered considerable signs of Indians in the hammock, and had determined on going in again the next day on foot. On the 15th, in the morning, we went about two miles—fell in with Adjutant Norton, and his command of footmen, from whom I learned, that on the previous morning he had, with the *blood-hounds, which were very useful, trailed an Indian* into the hammock. On arriving in the hammock, found the sign very fresh, *and turned the dogs loose.* They went about 150 yards—came up and caught *one* of the Indians, and the principal *catch-dog* was killed. Immediately the men pursued after the other dogs, which were after the Indians, for six or eight miles, but could not come up, in consequence of the thickness of the swamp, &c.; but, judging from the *blood* on the trail, *one of the Indians must have been badly wounded.* Near the place where the dog was killed, he came upon an encampment from which the *families* had just escaped. On learning this the horsemen were all dismounted—a horse guard was arranged, and the balance of the men were formed into four detachments. I then sent two detachments to my left, and one to my right, and entered the hammock abreast. I had not gone more than a mile into the hammock, when we came suddenly upon a warrior, *who was brought down* by Capt. Hall, and charging onward, we came upon a large encampment, from which the approach of Adjutant Norton had evidently

driven the *families* the previous morning, and if any warriors were hanging around, they made off without showing themselves.

The different detachments passed the day in endeavouring to follow the trails; but the nature of the grounds being low and swampy, intersected in all directions by ponds communicating with each other by 'runs' of water, through which the Indians travelled, rendered our labour unavailing.

These two encampments were about two miles south of the Jackson trail, and between the foot-log on the Econfonee and Thomas's Old Mills on the Finholloway. They had, I should judge, about twenty acres planted in pumpkins and squashes, but no corn that I could find. Crossing the Finholloway, we proceeded to the Esteenhatchee, scouting the country on both sides the road from Fort Andrews to Fort Frank-Brook, without discovering recent signs of Indians, which may perhaps be attributed to the scarcity of water in that section.

To the east of Esteenhatchee, near the Coast, I scouted five days with equally poor success.

On Thursday, the 28th of May, sending part of my command westward, I proceeded with the remainder to the 'pumpkin hammock,' in direct line, about six miles east of the rocky ford on the Esteenhatchee, where we, on Friday, the 29th, destroyed several fields of corn and pumpkins, &c. —returned to our horses at night, and on the next morn-

ing, Captains Hall and Townsend returned to the fields with fourteen men, to waylay. They started in the hammock at daylight, and at the usual time of leaving camp, I moved off with the horses, say about one and a half miles from the hammock, so as to deceive the Indians if they had discovered us the day before. On arriving at the fields, they lay in ambush about two hours, but saw no Indians. They then proceeded to follow a trail that was discovered the evening before—pursued the trail about two hours—came upon a camp—*surprised and took prisoners ten women and children*, and *accidentally shot one woman*—mistaking her for a warrior. The women say *the warriors were absent hunting.* In re-assembling my command at Fort Andrews on the 3rd of June, I found seventy-one men on the sick report; and though the well men were ready to continue operations, I judged it more prudent, after twenty-six days of severe labor and exposure, to march them to their separate camps, to repair their health and strength.

We have, on this scout, broke up four encampments of Indians, which must have contained from 125 to 150, old and young; and it is reasonable to suppose that we did not find all.

Drew, Printer, 17, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn.

00023586

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 March, 2016